



LITTELLE'S LIVING AGE.—No. 411.—3 APRIL, 1852.

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The Life of John Sterling. By THOMAS CARLYLE.
Chapman and Hall. 1851.

EVERY man's life is a tragedy—deep in interest, varied in struggle, solemn in conclusion. But in the history of the life of most men, no one knows aught of the tragedy save the principal actor. That which his fellows know is no more the tragedy, than the calf-skin is the poem.

It is no uncommon fate for ordinary men to be sepulchred in still more ordinary biographies. Naturalists tell of a sort of beetle, whose prime object in life appears to be to dig the graves of other nameless flies. He is thought to solace himself, after his labors, by subsisting on the remains which he has entombed; and we believe it is pretty much the same with a certain class of biographers. But here and there, it happens that the biography is so much more remarkable than its subject, that it suggests the old comparison of flies in amber; and, without deeming it necessary to compare Mr. Sterling to the insect, or Messrs. Hare and Carlyle to the inflammable gum, we shall not be far wrong in asserting that two biographies so remarkable have rarely, if ever, been written of one man so little noteworthy.

And yet, let us not be accused of speaking lightly of the dead. The memory of John Sterling, to those who know him by hearsay or by reading, is like the memory, dim, yet pleasant, of a sweet strain of music. It conveys, not ideas, but emotions. It does not so much inform the understanding as impress the heart. There is something profoundly melancholy in the Mezentian union of lively soul and sickly body. There is something to make one tremble in the clearly developed influence which sickness and solitude exercised in confusing the judgment, by confounding external facts with internal impressions. The invalid has a gleam of health. He takes a curacy. He exerts himself in all manner of schemes for the good of the parish. His aim is to awaken the minds of the people, to arouse their conscience, to make them feel their own sinfulness, their need of redemption. But the clouds return after the rain. Disease resumes its power. He loses sight of the practical object of Christianity, and gropes in a darkness peopled by such ghastly phantasms as Strauss' "Leben Jesu."

Let it not be understood that we lean to the notions of those theorists who charge against the body the weakness or waywardness of the mind—who identify sin with disease, or who ascribe peculiar forms of belief to peculiar physical organizations. But no one can have suffered under any nervous malady without knowing how every external fact and internal emotion is colored by the disease; and it is surely no unlikely supposition that Sterling's constantly recurring illness affected, to a certain degree, a judgment which, not naturally strong, seems always to have been to a large extent under the control of his imagination.

But without theorizing further on the influence of bodily health on mental soundness, or discussing too closely poor Sterling's claim to two biog-

raphies, the fact remains that a man to whom attaches no public interest, a man with but slender claims to literary notice, has had his life made the subject of literary labor by two men, each very much his superiors in public notoriety.

There is something of the droll in the whole proceeding. We understand that, on Sterling's death, he left, as literary executors, his two chief friends, Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Carlyle; and it is not too much to conclude that a certain jealousy pervaded the mind of each, as to the share the other was likely to take of this sacred trust. The archdeacon was naturally anxious lest the known tendencies of the philosopher of Chelsea should tempt him to work up the materials left behind into a shape exceedingly distasteful to the orthodox feelings and Christian prepossessions of the public. He, no doubt, dreaded that if Carlyle were the sculptor, the statue of his deceased friend would come forth, clad, not "in his habit as he lived," with something of the garb and appearance of a minister of the Church of England, but girt with the dress, as it might happen, of a Parsee, or an Indian, or a Scandinavian hero—worshipper of the Sun, of Vishnu, or of Thor—but with nothing of the semblance of Christianity about him.

Accordingly, Archdeacon Hare used every exertion to secure to himself the office of dealing as he might with these questionable materials, and he put forth two rather corpulent volumes, which we have noticed in a former number.* It was not within the sphere of our purpose to discuss the propriety or prudence of Archdeacon Hare's conduct in printing, as he does, with very feeble comments, expressions of opinion, on theological subjects, which are totally at variance from the doctrines and articles of that church of which he is a prominent officer; but there can be no doubt that his object was, not to put forth his friend's religious peculiarities in strong relief, but, as far as possible, to do the reverse; always bearing in mind, that love to his memory was not altogether to swamp the fact of his friend's theological history, and always having before him the dread of a rival Life, on Pantheistic principles, from "the other executor."

In this affectionate object Mr. Hare has utterly failed; and he has brought down upon the memory of John Sterling a storm of denunciation, which, while levelled particularly at him, has not spared his biographer, and has brought before the public eye, as accomplices in Sterling's theological criminality, persons who had scarcely even heard of the opinions which they were accused of abetting.

"Injustice of every kind is sure to defeat itself," says the archdeacon, in speaking of a very different subject, and we are not sure that a better illustration could be devised for the principle, than that which is presented by the history of this unfortunate biography. "Injustice" is done to the notorious heterodoxies of Sterling, by the ill-judged affection of a friend who ought not to have been his biographer. The benevolent trick is detected; biographer and biographee are alike

* *British Quarterly Review*, No. XV., Art. 8.

denounced, and the imp of neology—so carefully bottled by the one executor—when the other executor draws the cork, expands into a gigantic demon of Pantheism.

At the same time, we do not altogether understand this proceeding on the part of Mr. Carlyle. In the second paragraph of his *Life* occurs the following passage:—

After some consultation on it, (Sterling's dying message,) and survey of the difficult and delicate considerations involved in it, Archdeacon Hare and I agreed that the whole task of selecting what writings were to be reprinted, and drawing up a biography to introduce them, should be left to him alone; and done without interference of mine, as accordingly it was, in a manner surely far superior to the common, in every good quality of editing; and visibly everywhere bearing testimony to the friendliness, the piety, perspicacity, and other gifts and virtues of that eminent man.

The italics in this quotation are ours, and we ask, how, in the name of common honesty, dares Mr. Carlyle to come forward with his biography, after thus pledging himself to leave the task to Archdeacon Hare? He finds no fault with the manner in which the task was performed; on the contrary, he gives it quite as much praise as it deserves. He does not allege that any important facts were left out. In truth, the whole life is so barren of incidents, that he is compelled to eke out a whole chapter with the details of a hurricane in the island of St. Vincent, and three whole chapters with the tale of Sterling's connexion with a mad-cap expedition of Spanish exiles, which ended in a fusillade by which a relation of his perished—a passage in his history, by the bye, which Sterling never could bear to hear talked of, and which the archdeacon disposes of in a few lines. Well, then; why did Mr. Carlyle persist in writing this most unnecessary book? Simply because "one of his correspondents," who is evidently a person whom our author sees every morning when he shaves that cynic beard of his, has discovered that Hare's book has a sin which is ruinous to his task as biographer; and this sin is, that he takes up Sterling as a clergyman merely. Now this statement is simply untrue, as any one may see who chooses to wade through the grim dulness of the archdeacon's pages. But what if true it were? It can never excuse the dishonesty of Mr. Carlyle in first pledging himself to leave the task of biographer and editor to his friend, and then, because Sterling was not made quite enough of a heathen to please him, writing another *Life* himself.

This "correspondent" *dodge* is a very contemptible way of escaping the personal responsibility which must adhere to statements of opinion made in one's own name, and professedly from one's own pen. Surely a man like Mr. Carlyle, holding so high a place in English literature, and putting on the brave in appearance so often, might muster up courage to say the thing himself, or should leave it altogether unsaid. But our author would not seem to be capable of seeing the meanness and poltroonery of this trick. For he began with it in "Sartor Resartus," the first piece of goods exposed for sale by him on his own account; and here, in his last vendible commodity, it comes upon us as boldly as ever—worn indeed into a dinginess and threadbareness, that could hardly be matched by the oldest hackney-coach in London some thirty years ago, but as incapable as that four-wheeled concern of

blushing for the service it has seen. Whenever a piece of anti-christianism or of anti-theism more spicy than usual comes across him, it is felt that it would not do for Thomas Carlyle to say *that*. The probable cost, in such case, would be sundry inconveniences in the way of the profitable and respectable, which our author is by no means eager to encounter. So, straightway, a speaker is invented, in the shape of an old manuscript, or of a person with some outlandish name; or else the stale newspaper fashion of "our own correspondent" is resorted to. And thus what the philosopher would fain have said, but dared not, is said in paragraphs marked by commas stretching conspicuously from top to bottom down the margin. The reader pauses as he reads, waxes warm, looks thunder at Mr. Carlyle, who, having forecast of the explosion, deems it enough to say, with a certain guileless and honorable ancient—

Thou canst not say I did it.

The least endurable among shams is a sham bravery—when will the hero of Chelsea have done with it?

In the case now before us, the words which our author puts into the mouth of his pseudo-correspondent have nothing of the heterodox in them; they are merely such as he might well be inclined to disown, as being so absurd and unintelligible; and secondly, because, if susceptible of any meaning, the meaning is most graceless and unbecoming:—"A pale, sickly shadow in torn surplice, is presented to us here, weltering bewildered amid heaps of what you call 'Hebrew old clothes;' wrestling with impotent impetuosity to free itself from the baleful imbroglia, as if that had been its one function in life." Now what does the correspondent mean by this sentence? Evidently that the struggle of an earnest mind to reconcile faith and reason, the voice of Scripture and the echo of philosophy, is of so contemptible a character that it is to be spoken of in language which might describe a quarrel between two Jews in Rag-fair—while the belief which in all ages and all conditions has smoothed the pillow of the dying, and caused many a timid woman to gaze on death—horrible death, with courage, nay, with exultation, is to be sneered at by a man who calls himself a philosopher—an acute, dispassionate, unprejudiced, earnest thinker—as a *baleful imbroglia*. Did we think Christianity a fiction, our impression is, that we should feel obliged to pity the man who could speak of it, or of the questions with which it concerns itself, in such drunken phrase as this.

Sterling's two biographers seem to have been his chief friends, at least towards the close of his life, and exercised upon his opinions a kind of antagonistic influence. But the Ahirman of Chelsea had clearly carried it hollow against the Ormuzd of Hermsmonceux; and hence, for one reason among many, Mr. Carlyle could not be satisfied with the rival biography.

And yet, on his own principles, it is surely an ungracious task to attempt to prove that the friend with whom he had walked in near acquaintanceship for many years, and who is now gone from him forever, felt when he left him that he was, to use his own melancholy words, *treading the common road into the great darkness*. If he had succeeded in persuading the ductile nature of his disciple that the world was filled with "abysses of conflicting disbelief, and sham-belief, and Bedlam delusion," (p. 9,) that "the old spiritual highways

and recognized paths to the eternal," are "now all torn up and flung in heaps, submerged in unutterable boiling mud-oceans of hypocrisy and unbeliability, of brutal living atheism, and *damnable dead putrescent cant*;" supposing him to have assured his pupil of all this, is there anything so triumphantly satisfactory in the success, that he must needs trumpet it forth long after the poor object of his wayward powers has gone from his side into that future, where the consequences of present error may be far other than our philosopher supposes! In this view there is a Mephistopheles feeling running through the whole volume, which we are at a loss to understand except on the authority of a much older volume, which teaches us that men are sometimes surrendered to the delusions they have chosen. Some simple folk have been pleased to see, in the narrative of Archdeacon Hare, that the gifted youth, John Sterling, may be regarded as having had some good—some Christian thing in him even to the last. Whereupon, forth comes Mr. Carlyle, who, with all the dexterous handling he can bring to the subject, endeavors to show that it was not so; that the seeming Christianity of his friend was only seeming at best, and that at the last every vestige of that obsolete affair had vanished from him. As our amiable manipulator makes his way towards this conclusion, he looks toward the disappointed ones with the kind of glee upon his muscles for which we shall not try to find an adjective—saying, "So much, good people, for your pious John Sterling; you see what I did for him in that way!" In the whole history of infidel literature, we know of nothing to exceed this. Yet this is the man whom some Christian ministers can be vain to reckon among their friends and familiar acquaintance; and this is the book, too, which some of the said ministers can recommend to the youth under their influence! We wish we could believe in the extinction of the race called wolves in sheep's clothing—we wish we could regard phenomena of this complexion as unknown even among professed evangelical nonconformists.

But a closer investigation of Archdeacon Hare's "Life of Sterling" will serve to explain the reason which induced Mr. Carlyle to follow with his supplement. Pantheism, or Carlyleism, or Nihilism, or whatever we may call the creed which consists in believing that no creed is possible, and "that none of the many things we are in doubt about, and need to have demonstrated and rendered probable, can by any alchemy be made a religion for us," is no sure preservation against a very vulgar failing, the failing of vanity. Now, it does so happen that the name of Carlyle is only twice mentioned by Archdeacon Hare in the whole of his book, so far as we can discover, and in the few instances in which it occurs in quotations from Sterling's letters and papers given in the "Life"—eight we think in all—four at least are accompanied by very questionable annotations:—"Inadequacy of Carlyle's views;" his "Chartism," "full of inconsistencies and fallacies;" his "Heroes," "on the whole, more free from delusive paradox than his other works;" Thirlwall's "History," superior to all in English for depth and compass, "unless—prepare to laugh—Carlyle's." *Hinc ille lachryma!* Here is the true cause of this *Opus majus*. But how strange that such a feeling should be indulged by a man who cannot write on any subject without exercising a mesmeric influence on his readers!

What, for example, can be more perfect of its

kind than the portrait of Coleridge!—"Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate hill, in these years, looking down on London and its smoke tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there;" the ascription to him of a magician character; the purring softness of the sneer as to his knowing the secret of believing by the "reason" what the "understanding" had been obliged to throw out as incredible; the bird's-eye view of London, which makes Highgate and Hampstead hills so remarkable; the personal sketch of face, manner, walk, tones, to the very snuffle; the raciness of the quotations of his discourse—all are inimitable. Not less delicious is the quiet rehearsal of the vast promises and null performances of the inspired dreamer. Still such sentences as the following do not carry immediate conviction:—"What the light of your mind, which is the direct inspiration of the Almighty, pronounces incredible—that, in God's name, leave uncredited; at your peril do no try believing that." Leaving out of the discussion the question what is meant by "the light of your mind," the exhortation contained in this oracular sentence is somewhat obscure, for it is not explained how under any circumstances there can be the slightest temptation to believe that which the faculty wherewith we believe pronounces to be unworthy of credit. Mr. Carlyle takes a bad fourpenny bit in change from the cad of the Chelsea omnibus; "the light of his mind" pronounces the coin to be spurious:—not questionable, but downright pewter:—it surely is most unnecessary to exhort the philosopher "in God's name" to refuse to take it. The human mind may err, the light which illuminates it in its search for truth may sometimes fail, so that even in cases where a decisive judgment has been given, it is not impossible that it may be a mistaken one; but the common case is that where the judgment is not given at all, and in cases of this nature, we must surely appeal to that probability which is the guide of life, and weigh the decisions to which others with superior light to ourselves have come, before we conclude either on the one side or the other.

Mr. Carlyle, among other of his many peculiarities, has the peculiarity of throwing out, in a word, what is either a monstrous fallacy, or the result of a long train of patient investigation rightly conducted. A remarkable instance of this habit is to be found in his chapter on Coleridge. In his peculiar Lempriere's Dictionary vein, he talks of Coleridge as a modern Ixion and ascribes to him the parentage of "strange centaurs, spectral Puseysisms, monstrous illusory hybrids, and ecclesiastical chimeras, which now roam the earth in a very lamentable manner!" We will not quarrel with the mythology of the passage, although Hesiod might have been at issue as to the family tree of Chimera, who, if we mistake not, was daughter of the Serpent,* not of Ixion; for we should be exceedingly sorry to take spectral Puseyism out of such good company; and yet, such is our distrust of Mr. Carlyle's opinion, when any theological topic comes to be discussed, that we had rather not take even this genealogical theory for granted. Is it not rather the case that Coleridge and Puseyism are coördinate developments of one principle, or rather of one class of tendencies, and, accordingly, stand to each other *not* in the position of cause and effect?

The thoughtful youth of England, when the lull

* See Hesiod's Theogony, v. 319.

which succeeded the great continental war gave opportunity to look around and within, could not but feel dissatisfied with the dead condition of the Church of England. But there is a tendency in human nature—one of its noblest tendencies—to refer things to principles, and to assume that "great facts" like the Establishment are not founded on mere mockery and delusion, but rest upon a principle of some sort or other, however much the "wood, hay, stubble," of the superstructure may have concealed the principle upon which it was founded. Hence the eagerness with which men like Sterling listened to Coleridge's theory of a church. Hence, again, the earnest ingenuity which has succeeded so far in transforming the hard, formal orthodoxy of the old high-church school into such developments as are presented at Wells-street and St. Barnabas.

But the worst of it is, that we never know what is the ground-work of these apophthegmatic revelations. It may be a train of reasoning—it may be, to use Mr. Carlyle's own polite words—"thrice refined pabulum of transcendental moonshine." And when we get to more important subjects than either Puseyism or the Coleridgian philosophy, the question deepens and becomes one of anxious interest. Who told Mr. Carlyle that the "course of pious genius towards the eternal kingdom" is grown more "dark and abstruse" than in the days of our fathers? What process of argument has given him the conclusion, that "Darkness and the mere shadow of death envelop all things from pole to pole; and in the raging gulf-currents, offering us will-of-wisps for loadstars—intimating that there are no stars, nor ever were, except certain old Jew ones which have now gone out?" We may ask these questions. We may surmise that Mr. Carlyle's love of the style of Jean Paul has become a kind of monomania, so that when he begins a sentence, after the manner of Richter, he forgets everything except the picturesque. But there are many, and those from the classes which sway the world's opinion, who will not look so closely into the matter, and who, when Mr. Carlyle tells them that the old Jew stars are gone out, will jump to a conclusion of a description far from harmless. If Mr. Carlyle were a theological, or even a philosophical writer—if he had carefully enunciated the results of an elaborate process of reasoning, and that elaborate process of reasoning clearly pointed to the result which in these words he proclaims with about as much reverence as a flying newsman roaring through the streets the "coup-d'état," or the resignation of Lord Palmerston;—if he could refer to a well-digested and intelligible argument in support of his views, and having the authority of his great name, there might be some excuse for this sort of writing; but it is really beneath the dignity of a man of his literary reputation, to cast insinuations, and throw out hints, aimed at the very foundation of Christianity, without having the manliness to give plain reasons for the opinions which he is evidently afraid to avow. It was thus with Gibbon—he never reasoned, he only sneered. He never gave you proofs—he only insinuated falsehood, without descending to the cost of proof. Our older Gibbon has had his reward, and our modern one will have his also.

"It is not now known," says Mr. Carlyle, in pursuing his illustration of the "oblivious baseness" of the age in which we live,

That none or all of the many things we are in doubt about, and need to have demonstrated and rendered

probable, can by any alchemy be made a "religion" for us; but are and must continue a baleful, quiet or unquiet, Hypocrisy for us; and bring—salvation do we fancy? I think it is another thing they will bring; and are, on all hands, visibly bringing, this good while!

This sentence is hard to construe—being a pure specimen of the Hieratic Carlyles—but being interpreted, we believe its author to mean, that the great truths on which religion must be founded, and an acknowledgment and appreciation of which must be prior to all religion, are truths which do not admit of syllogistic verification, but stand more intimately connected with man's consciousness than any formal argument can possibly do. But these words will unfortunately bear a very different meaning, and one which strikes at the root of all historical evidence as applied to Christianity. The historical facts of Christianity are not the religion; they do not "bring salvation" to us; but unless we are enabled to combine the fundamental truths of man's moral consciousness—truths which Mr. Carlyle considers to be prior to all argument—with the historical facts of the religion; unless we can see first the necessity of salvation, and secondly, the truth of the historical assertion that Jesus is the Christ, it is impossible that our religion can go one step beyond deism. The claims of Christianity to the acceptance of mankind are not to be disposed of by an indirect assertion forming one clause of a paragraph, the direct object of which is a denunciation of the "darkness," "cowardice," and "oblivious baseness" of the age.

We should account it a great crime to bring railing accusations against any man, but specially so against a man to whom the literary world is under such obligations as Mr. Carlyle. But we cannot help thinking that the habit in which he seems more and more to indulge, of snarling whenever he can get an opportunity at a faith which he cannot but wish true, is following the rule of habit, and growing stronger by indulgence. There is what we deem a very melancholy instance of it to be found in the narrative before us. (Part ii., c. x., p. 278.) He is relating an instance of self-devotion in a Cornish miner, which had roused Sterling's genial nature into very praiseworthy exertion.

In a certain Cornish mine, said the newspapers, duly specifying it, two miners, deep down in the shaft, were engaged putting in a shot for blasting; they had completed their affair, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up. One at a time was all their coadjutor at the top could manage, and the second was to kindle the match, and then mount with all speed. Now it chanced while they were both still below, one of them thought the match too long; tried to break it shorter; took a couple of stones, a flat and a sharp, to cut it shorter; did cut it of the due length; but, horrible to relate, kindled it at the same time, and both were still below! Both shouted vehemently to the coadjutor at the windlass, both sprang at the basket; the windlass man could not move it with both. Here was a moment for poor miner Jack, and poor miner Will! Instant, horrible death hangs over both—when Will generously resigns himself; "Go aloft, Jack," and sits down. "Away; in one minute I shall be in heaven." Jack bounds aloft; the explosion instantly follows, bruises his face as he looks over; he is safe above ground:—and poor Will? Descending eagerly, they find Will, too, as if by miracle, buried under rocks which had arched themselves over him, and little injured; he, too, is brought up safe, and all ends joyfully, say the newspapers.

So far the tale; now for the comment of the philosopher who hates cant:—

Such a piece of manful promptitude, and salutary human heroism, was worth investigating. It was investigated; found to be accurate to the letter—with this addition and explanation, that Will, an honest, ignorant, good man, entirely given up to Methodism, had been perfect in the "faith of assurance;" certain that he should get to heaven if he died; certain that Jack would not, which had been the ground of his decision in that great moment.

The "Methodist hero" has a subscription made for him, and Mr. Carlyle ends by telling us that he is "a prosperous, modest dairyman, thankful for the upper light and safety from the wrath to come."

The italics are ours; and we think we may fairly ask, if this man had been a Buddhist or a Mahomedan, should we have had these sneers about "ignorant goodness," and "safety from the wrath to come?" We believe not; and perhaps, also, Mr. Carlyle will tell us whether he thinks it his duty to carp at convictions the truth of which he cannot gainsay? and to cast ridicule on that which is either solemn matter of belief, or, at all events, matter not discussed so far as to lead to philosophical indifference in the case of nine out of ten of his readers! "Safety from the wrath to come." Awful words! Eternity behind us and eternity before; a consciousness of guilt; a premonition of punishment; a certainty that we too must go "the common road into the great darkness;"—and this apostle of the new creed standing by to light us on a way, which is to him as great a blank as to ourselves, with that miserable lucifer match of his, in the shape of a small joke, which goes out in foulness, and leaves the darkness as deep and more noisome than before! And this gibing about such things, and at such moments—this is wisdom—the new, the better philosophy!

There is but one feature more to notice in this grievous book, and that is, the selection of letters. The first letter which appears as written to the biographer, is dated very shortly after the beginning of the acquaintance, and turns entirely on "Sartor Resartus," which had then been just published. It is, in fact, devoted to the biographer, and only interesting so far as it shows what Sterling thought of him. It is pretty evident, however, that the biographer thinks the public will be interested to know what Sterling *did* think of him; although, perhaps, opinions of this nature would figure as well in a life of Carlyle by Sterling, were such a thing possible, as in a life of Sterling by Carlyle. Most of the remaining letters have not much to interest the general reader, and for the most part contain the ordinary staple of a gossiping and friendly correspondence. But the last which is printed is one of a very peculiar character. It is dated Aug. 10, 1844, about five weeks before death put at rest the active brain and affectionate heart of the writer. The letter is evidently written under pressure. It is a message of farewell, but not the free and unrestrained expression of feeling which in the case of an intimacy like that of Sterling and Carlyle, would have been only what might be looked for at so solemn a juncture.

To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.

Hillside, Ventnor, Aug. 10th, 1844.

MY DEAR CARLYLE—For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words:

merely, however, for remembrance and farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. With regard to you and me I cannot begin to write; having nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Towards me it is still more true, than towards England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when THERE, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one-hundredth part so sad as it seems to the standers-by.

Your wife knows my mind towards her, and will believe it without asseverations.

Yours to the last,

JOHN STERLING.

"On higher matters there is nothing to say."

Nine years and a half of constant intercourse—the intercourse of philosopher and scholar, of tutor and pupil—and, at the end of all, when the scholar is looking over the brink of the precipice respecting which he has so often speculated, he has nothing to say to the tutor who has been so long inculcating the encouraging doctrine, that "the old spiritual highways and recognized paths to the Eternal are all submerged in unutterable mud oceans of hypocrisy and unbelievability, of brutal living atheism and damnable dead putrescent cant." Surely it is marvellous that *this* should be the letter which the tutor chooses to print! The pupil cannot enter into the discussion of the connexion which had existed between them. He keeps shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights in his power. What secrets?—But he cannot help looking down the face of the cliff. "If I can lend a hand when THERE, that will not be wanting." One might smile at the promise, were it not so sad. The poor human soul, whirled down the resistless surges of necessity, what can he avail to help his fellow, following hard after him, wrapt by the next billow, slave of the same tremendous fate!

But we will not leave the dying man under the impression which this letter would convey. Let us think of it as of the half-ludicrous sacrifice from the death-bed of Socrates. Let us leave the paganizing biographer, and turn to the pages of him who has risked much and suffered much in endeavoring to christianize his hero.

From Archdeacon Hare we learn that

On the 16th September there was a great and sudden increase of weakness, which convinced him and those around him that the end was at hand. In this conviction, he said, "I thank the all-wise One." His sister remarked, the next day, that he was unusually cheerful. He lay on the sofa quietly, telling her of little things that he wished her to do for him, and choosing out books to be sent to his friends. On the 18th, he was again comforted by letters from Mrs. Trench and Mr. Mill, to whom he took pleasure in scribbling some little verses of themselves. Then writing a few lines in pencil, he gave them to his sister, saying, "This is for you; you will care more for this!" The lines were—

Could we but hear all Nature's voice,
From glowworm up to sun,
'T would speak with one concordant sound,
"Thy will, O God, be done!"

But hark, a sudden, mightier prayer
From all men's hearts that live,
Thy will be done in earth and heaven,
And Thou my sins forgive!

These were the last words he wrote. He murmured over the last two lines to himself. He had been very quiet all that day, little inclined to read or speak, until the evening, when he talked a little to his sister. As it grew dark, he appeared to be seeking for something, and, on her asking what he wanted, said, "Only the old Bible, which I used so often at Herstoncux in the cottages," and which generally lay near him. A little later his brother arrived from London, with whom he conversed cheerfully for a few minutes. He was then left to settle for the night. But soon he grew worse; and the servant summoned the family to his room. He was no longer able to recognize them. The last struggle was short; and before eleven o'clock his spirit had departed.*

We have thought it right to bring Mr. Carlyle's "Life of John Sterling" before our readers, not from the intrinsic interest which it possesses as a biography, but in order to protest against this sideways attempt to preach a gospel which is anything but good news to those who hear it. If Mr. Carlyle, instead of indulging in loose assertion and overbearing bluster, would take the trouble to sit down and tell us fairly what he thinks about Christianity, we should feel personally much indebted to him, though we doubt whether the world at large would be benefited by the exposition. It would then be time to discuss his whole theory. But so long as he is resolved to do no more than skirmish about the subject, it is impossible that we should ourselves do more than attack him in detail. The book appears to us a failure, for the author has not succeeded in giving a view of his subject other than that which had been previously given. All that he has done is to find for himself easy opportunities of indulging in his own peculiar vein, and to rehearse some passages in Sterling's life and correspondence which, perhaps, had better have been buried in his grave.

We trust that the harm which the book may do will be confined to the memory of its subject. But we feel that we should not be doing justice to our readers did we not point out to them the inherent vanity, prejudice, and bad taste, which characterize this whole affair. Mr. Carlyle cannot succeed in writing what is dull; but there are, or ought to be, other considerations in the mind of a biographer besides those which appear to have been uppermost in the present publication.

From the Spectator.

GUTZLAFF'S LIFE OF TAOU-KWANG.†

Few Europeans had better opportunities to give an account of the Chinese than the late Mr. Gutzlaff: for he had lived among them many years, and mixed with all classes of society. His voyages along the coast of China, published some eighteen years ago, not only made him acquainted with the people of many places, but familiarized him with the physical and moral discomforts of a clumsy trading junk. A long experience as a missionary gave him an insight

into the characters, manners, and literature of the Chinese; his official employment during the war introduced him to the highest rank of mandarins. Perhaps no Jesuit in the palmy days of their missions had ever seen more of the Celestials, or under more varied and interesting circumstances; for the empire appears evidently verging towards dissolution.

Mr. Gutzlaff's mind, unluckily, was not well adapted to make the most of his opportunities. With much moral singleness of purpose, his intellectual simplicity degenerated into baldness; if his logic was not defective it was disjointed, so that though his conclusions might be sound they do not always contain the reasons. Illiterate he certainly was not, yet he had the style and manner of an illiterate person. He was an old chronicler minus the quaintness.

The Life of Taou-kwang, late Emperor of China, is rather a favorable specimen of Mr. Gutzlaff's pen. Whenever he has to take a comprehensive grasp of imperial affairs, or to exhibit an historical narrative on a large scale, his weakness of mind is visible. But his sketches of personal character, or anecdotes and traits of individuals, are clear enough. He contrives to present a good idea of the court of Peking, and the power of the emperor for personal tyranny; his utter helplessness for any general purpose of good, let his wishes be what they may. His narrative, bald as it is, impresses very clearly the disorganized state of the empire, and that it holds together rather from the habit of cohesion, or the absence of an enemy, than from any vital spirit.

The late Emperor Taou-kwang was a remarkable man. His father, Keaking, was a violent and licentious tyrant, who surrounded himself with debauchees and buffoons, and made short work of any suspected conspirator. The prince had no taste for the orgies of the court, and absented himself as much as he could. When present, a regard for his own safety increased his natural coldness and reserve: it was impossible to discover from his demeanor whether he approved or disapproved. On ascending the throne, at the age of forty, his character was an enigma; but he came out well, displaying clemency, magnanimity, and many personal virtues. He published a general amnesty; he restored his own relations to their rank, whom his father had imprisoned; he banished all the companions and instruments of the late emperor's debaucheries; he introduced order and simplicity into the court—which Mr. Gutzlaff ascribes, and perhaps truly, to his parsimony. His biographer speaks slightly of his abilities as a ruler; but the facts hardly warrant such disparaging censures. Taou-kwang was not an imperial genius, nor did he restore vitality to the empire; which, indeed, had he been a genius, he would have failed to do. Powerful as the Chinese emperor may be, he is a slave to the Celestial etiquette and customs. His orders can only be carried into execution by a bureaucracy, more extensive, more organized, and more powerful, than that of Imperial Rome or modern Austria. He probably increased the corruption of the official class by the sale of offices—an abuse to which Louis the Fourteenth was compelled to have recourse under a similar financial pressure; and, acting upon traditional dogmas and uniformly false information, he exposed the weakness of the empire by his war with England. As soon as the truth reached him, he saw the impolicy of which he had been guilty, and did his best to

* The "sister" mentioned in this extract was, we believe, Mrs. Maurice, properly speaking, a sister of Mrs. Sterling, not of his own. She, too, is gone, leaving no reminiscences but endearing ones, in the hearts of those by whom she was known while living.

† The Life of Taou-kwang, late Emperor of China; with Memoirs of the Court of Peking: including a sketch of the principal Events in the History of the Chinese Empire during the last Fifty Years. By the late Reverend Charles Gutzlaff, Author of the "History of China," and "China Opened," &c. Published by Smith and Elder.

repair his fault by retracing his steps and supporting the peace party. The manner in which he met the national and war faction at court argues a dry humor as well as a sound judgment.

Some of the ministers, in whom the desire for war was not yet stifled, and who spoke openly of Keying as a traitor to his country, were highly exasperated on perceiving the altered fortunes of the favorite now in the ascendant. They watched their opportunity; and when it was proclaimed that the British forces had left, and that the Canton populace had manfully withstood the barbarians, and were even ready to fight over again the battles of the great emperor and restore the fortune of the army, they began to murmur at the peace.

They held a consultation, at which it was resolved to declare the treaty null and void, to denounce Keying as a traitor and Elepoo as his abettor, and to proclaim the renewal of the struggle and the utter defeat of the barbarians necessary to save the honor of the country. Everybody who considered himself a patriot, and to whom the ascendancy of the Celestial Empire was dear, joined in the outcry; and the subject was duly laid before Taou-kwang in a conference.

He was sickened of the war, as every man of intelligence was; and to recommence the course which he had just now abandoned was repugnant to him; he, therefore, resolved to quiet this sanguinary spirit forever. Having praised the patriotic sentiments of his servants and fully approved of them, he observed, that so weighty a matter required mature consideration, and begged them, therefore, to appear before him on the following day.

It was a very august assembly; nobles and mandarins of the most influential party all attended. Taou-kwang asked whether they were still resolved upon war? and their answer was, "To the entire extermination of the English race." Whereupon the emperor gave his full assent, agreed to recall Keying, to punish Elepoo and all the friends of peace severely, and to reestablish the deadly enemies of the Barbarians in their full power.

Every one was delighted with the prospect, and rejoiced in anticipation, at the entire overthrow of the cowardly statesmen who had betrayed the birthright of the Celestial Empire, by acknowledging another potentate as the compeer of the Son of Heaven.

The sovereign, perceiving the general sensation of joy, continued to harangue his counsellors. "You know," he observed, "that all our armies sent against the hated race have been beaten; that the navy has ceased to exist; that not one general has proved successful, but that all are degraded, or sentenced to severe punishment. It need not be told you that the treasury is exhausted, and that we have nothing to replenish it, as the sources of revenue in all the provinces visited by this dreadful scourge have been dried up." To this a general assent was given. "Still," he added, "you are for the resumption of the war; and I applaud your zeal in behalf of the honor of my person. To accomplish this an army is necessary, and one much stronger and better-appointed than any of the former ones. I, therefore, commission you" (pointing to some of the most clamorous ministers) "to raise this army, to drill the men, and to place yourselves at the head. If you fail to exterminate the Barbarians as you propose, you will have to undergo capital punishment instantly." Then, turning towards others, he remarked that the navy no longer existed, and that a new one, more powerful, and better adapted to cope with the Barbarians than the former, ought to be created; with this honorable enterprise he charged them. Finally, he requested that the rich individuals present should not only furnish the money for these undertakings in the first instance, but likewise bear the expenditure

throughout the whole war; as the state could not afford to lose another sixty millions in a similar enterprise.

This speech had an extraordinary effect; every one present was struck dumb. Taou-kwang requested his servants to come on the morrow, and give a decisive reply. But of this assembly every one was silent and grave. The emperor asked the first, who had so violently advocated war, whether he was ready to form the army, procure the means for its maintenance, and lead forth the troops to victory? A very polite excuse, expressing total inability to undertake such a task, was the answer. The second pleaded total ignorance of naval matters, having never even seen the sea; the third most emphatically declared, that he had not money sufficient for his own wants, and still less for such vast enterprises; every one advanced some obstacle or other; and amidst all the courtiers, not one was ready to lay down his life and property on the altar of the country.

The original documents quoted are few in number, and brief, as being extracts; so that the book is deficient in the true Celestial raciness. It possesses, however, a good deal of Chinese manner in the matter, and will repay perusal by those who wish to get an idea of the court of Peking and the present condition of the empire of China.

From the Messrs. Harper we have the first of four volumes containing Mr. Robert Chambers' edition of the "*Life and Works of Burns*." Mr. Chambers, one of the well-known publishers of the *Edinburgh Journal*, would appear to have undertaken a supererogatory labor in adding another to the many biographies of the poet. Currie and Walker, Cunningham and Lockhart, are but few of a host of those who have felt called upon to illustrate the life of the Ayrshire bard; and, one would suppose, the two latter names might deter any new adventurer from approaching it. Prof. Wilson, however, in his eloquent chapters on the Genius of Burns, proved that much was still left to be said and done in the premises. The biographers, one and all, had exhibited unpardonable carelessness in their reception of unauthentic statements prejudicial to the poet's reputation. Events of his life, and traits of his character, that might have been elucidated, were left in darkness, and that darkness remained as clouded spots upon his reputation. The path which Christopher North pointed out, Mr. Chambers has followed. He has travelled, as Scott did when in pursuit of ballads and legends, into every haunt and abiding-place of the poet; picked up all the traditional reminiscences afloat among the gentry and peasantry of Ayrshire; conversed with the youngest sister of Burns, who is still living; and, in short, exhausted all possible sources of information. The results have been arranged and treated with creditable discrimination. One feature, in particular, is of the highest value; and that is the recognition of the poems as an essential part of the life of Burns, and the consequent interweaving of them into the otherwise dry and unilluminated text of biography. They do much to illustrate matters which have hitherto been unnecessarily obscure. For every reason, therefore, the present is likely to supersede other editions of the poet. Its completeness, mode of arrangement, and convenience of size, will be the best of recommendations.—*N. Y. Times*.

ADVICE GRATIS.—We beg to suggest to the friends of the boa-constrictor, that if the poor creature, since swallowing the blanket, suffers much pain, a counterpane might be tried as a remedy.—*Punch*.

From the Times, Feb. 9.

FOREIGN REFUGEES IN ENGLAND.

THE following circular despatch from "Earl Granville to her majesty's ministers at Vienna and St. Petersburg, and her majesty's chargés d'affaires at Paris and Frankfurt," has just been presented, with other papers on the same subject, to both houses of Parliament.

Foreign-office, Jan. 13.

MY LORD (SIR)—Representations have been made to her majesty's government on the part of several European governments, through their representatives at this court, on the subject of the proceedings of foreign refugees now residing in England; and it has been urgently demanded that immediate and effective steps should be taken by her majesty's government to put a stop to those intrigues and conspiracies against the governments of various European powers in which foreign refugees now in England are asserted to be engaged.

By the existing law of Great Britain all foreigners have the unrestricted right of entrance and residence in this country; and, while they remain in it, are, equally with British subjects, under the protection of the law; nor can they be punished except for an offence against the law, and under the sentence of the ordinary tribunals of justice, after a public trial, and on a conviction founded on evidence given in open court. No foreigners, as such, can be sent out of this country by the executive government, except persons removed by virtue of treaties with other states, confirmed by act of Parliament, for the mutual surrender of criminal offenders.

British subjects, however, or the subjects of any other state residing in this country, and therefore owing obedience to its laws, may, on conviction of being concerned in levying war against the government of any state at amity with Great Britain, be punished by fine and imprisonment. Offenders in this respect are equally open to prosecution by individuals or by the government.

Measures in the form of alien acts have been at different times resorted to by the British legislature, by which the power of expelling foreigners, in case of necessity, has been conferred on the executive government; but such powers, even when asked for only for the maintenance of internal tranquillity, have been regarded by the people of this country with jealousy.

The general hospitality thus extended by our institutions to all who choose to come to England has from time to time been the means of affording a secure asylum to political refugees of all parties, many of them illustrious in rank and position. Among them may be mentioned kings and princes of the two branches of the Bourbon family and the prime ministers of France and Austria.

It is obvious that this hospitality could not be so freely given if it were not so widely extended. If a discretionary power of removing foreigners were vested in the crown, appeals would be constantly made by the dominant party in foreign countries for the expulsion of their political opponents who might have taken refuge in Great Britain. Monarchical governments might object to republican refugees, and republican governments might object to royalist refugees; and it would be difficult to defend such hospitality, which would then be founded upon favor, and not upon equal laws.

It is the earnest wish of her majesty's government to promote as far as in their power the peace, order, and prosperity of every country with which they are in friendly alliance; but they do not think that any ground exists which would justify them, on the present occasion, in applying to the legislature for any extraordinary or further powers in reference to foreigners resident in England, and they have no reason to doubt

that this opinion is shared both by the Parliament and the public of this country.

With reference to the intimation that exceptional measures of precaution may be taken against British subjects travelling abroad, her majesty's government cannot complain if, while insurrection is raging, or its flame is scarcely extinguished, foreign governments should take precautions against suspected English travellers.

Her majesty's government adhere to the principle laid down by Viscount Palmerston in his note of the 30th of September, 1848, to the United States' envoy at this court, in relation to certain citizens of the United States, who had come direct thence to Ireland, then in a state of partial insurrection.

Lord Palmerston did not in that note ask for any change in the American laws, and he expressly forbore to press the President of the United States with representations against the offenders, but merely said that those who visited a country in a state of insurrection must take their chance like persons whom curiosity might lead into a field of battle; and that the American government must not take it amiss if citizens of the United States who visited Ireland at that time were involved in the consequences of measures aimed at men of a different description. The measures, however, to which he alluded were taken with reference only to persons to whom, under the peculiar circumstances of the moment, suspicion attached. But it would be in the highest degree unjust and unworthy of the enlightened character of any European government, and wholly unwarranted by the course pursued by the British government on that occasion, to put vexatious impediments in the way of unoffending English travellers, by way of retaliation for the acts of foreign refugees in England.

While, however, her majesty's government cannot consent, at the request of foreign governments, to propose a change in the laws of England, they would not only regret, but would highly condemn, any attempts on the part of foreign refugees in England to excite insurrection against the governments of their respective countries. Such conduct would be considered by her majesty's government as a flagrant breach of the hospitality which those persons enjoy.

The attention of her majesty's government will continue to be directed to the proceedings of suspected foreign refugees in this country, and they will endeavor by every legal means to prevent them from abusing the hospitality, so liberally accorded to them by the British laws, to the prejudice of countries and governments in amity and alliance with Great Britain.

You will communicate a copy of this despatch to the secretary of state.

I am, &c.,

GRANVILLE.

From the Times, 9th Feb.

When Lord Granville took the seals of the foreign-office in December last, one question of considerable delicacy and importance was pending between her majesty's government and the four leading states of the continent. As early as the 29th October the French ambassador had addressed a diplomatic note to Lord Palmerston, enclosing what he termed "evidence of a permanent state of conspiracy against all the governments of Europe, and that of France in particular, among the organized revolutionary committees of the political refugees in London," and calling upon the British government to put an end to the open aggressions of these conspirators. This evidence consisted of a French police report, referring to a number of absurd publications and incendiary schemes, said to have originated with Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, and other fugitives under the protection of the laws of

England. On the 9th of December, and consequently very shortly after Lord Palmerston's interview with the Finsbury and Islington deputations, which had stimulated the hopes of the foreign refugees in London, a more formal application was made to the secretary for foreign affairs by the envoys of Austria, Prussia, and Russia.

These powers alleged that they were under the necessity of again calling the serious attention of her majesty's government to the enormous abuse which the political refugees in England make of the hospitality generously afforded them; and though they disclaimed any intention to dispute the right of England to exercise hospitality within the limits of international law, they reprobated the disposition to cover with this pretext attempts against the internal tranquillity of friendly governments. It is obvious that the language held by Lord Palmerston at home, and the excessive suspicions entertained of his policy abroad, had aggravated these remonstrances; for, in addition to the positive evil of which neighboring powers had some reason to complain, it was commonly believed by them that Lord Palmerston habitually employed and secretly encouraged these foreign refugees to gratify his own aversion and resentment against governments with which he was nominally on friendly terms. On the other hand, the demand thus made, in language of considerable severity, and with an implied menace against English travellers abroad, was probably dictated as much by the animosity of these courts to Lord Palmerston as by their dread of the refugees. For, we may here observe, that no sooner was it known at Berlin that a change had taken place in the office of secretary of state for foreign affairs, than Chevalier Bunsen was instantly directed by telegraph to drop the representations of the Prussian government on this subject, as a proof of the earnest desire of the cabinet of Berlin to establish the best relations with this country. This significant fact demonstrates that the previous tone of the continental powers was in great measure the result of the encouragement Lord Palmerston had been supposed to give to their bitterest enemies.

But the shaft thus directed against the late foreign minister was feathered from his own wing. In the autumn of 1848, during the disturbances in Ireland, Lord Palmerston had himself addressed a very strong remonstrance to Mr. Bancroft, then envoy from the United States in London, on the subject of proceedings "of the most hostile character towards the British government" which had then recently taken place in the United States. He complained that "not only had private associations been formed, but public meetings held, for the avowed purpose of encouraging, assisting, and organizing rebellion in Ireland;" and he denounced with just indignation the acts of these "conspirators in the United States against the peace of a country in friendly relations with their own government." He added that as the powers of the president were very limited to check and discountenance such proceedings, the Americans must not take it amiss that her majesty's government should resort to measures of precaution and of repression in regard to persons, whatever their nationality might be, who in this posture of affairs should come from the United States to this realm.

This despatch, which had been published in the sessional papers of Congress, rendered the task of the foreign plenipotentiaries an easy one, for they had only to request that Lord Palmerston would

apply his own principles to the persons in London who are employed in "encouraging, assisting, and organizing rebellion" in Hungary, Italy, Germany, and France; and the threat they held out against English travellers on the continent was not stronger than Lord Palmerston's intimation that Americans found in Ireland, in 1848, must not take it amiss if they were arrested, as in fact some of them were, under the extraordinary powers then conferred upon the lord-lieutenant.

A few days after the receipt of these communications Lord Palmerston vacated office and Lord Granville succeeded him; so that the very first discussion in which the new foreign secretary was engaged had originated in the mistrust and resentment it had been the misfortune of his predecessor to excite throughout Europe. We have already remarked that upon the nomination of Lord Granville the Prussian note was instantly abandoned. To the other notes, of France, Austria, Russia, and the Germanic diet, and to a subsequent remonstrance from the King of the Two Sicilies, Lord Granville made an able and dignified reply, which will be found in another part of our columns. He pointed out, in the first place, that foreigners have an unrestricted right of entrance and residence in this country, but that they are bound to obey the laws which protect them; and every person, whether British or foreign, is amenable to justice for being concerned in levying war against the government of a state at amity with Great Britain. So far foreign governments can as easily prosecute such offenders as the Crown of England itself. He then defends the ancient and universal practice of hospitality extended by England to all classes of political fugitives, not to democrats and revolutionists only, but to princes, prime ministers, and kings; and contends that measures taken against suspected persons in the midst of an insurrection would by no means justify vexatious impediments to English travellers by way of retaliation for the acts of foreign refugees in England. In conclusion, Lord Granville declares that her majesty's government not only regrets, but highly condemns, any attempt on the part of refugees in England to excite insurrection against the governments of their respective countries; and that such conduct would be regarded as a flagrant breach of hospitality. All legal means will therefore be taken to prevent it. To this circular despatch a conciliatory answer has since been received from most of the courts to which it was addressed; and we hope the affair may now be considered to be terminated.

When a country proclaims, as we have done for ages, an unrestricted liberty of refuge and residence to foreigners, it necessarily follows that this asylum is used and occasionally abused by large numbers of worthless and mischievous persons, and we probably suffer more by their presence than those states against which they direct their hostility. English credulity is imposed upon by their harangues, and English munificence is taxed for their sustenance; in return for which they deery our institutions, vilify our character, and endeavor to embroil us with the rest of the world. Nobody can be insensible to these evils; but in the deliberate judgment of the people of England these evils are more than compensated by the great principle of freedom under which they occur. To what, after all, do we owe the presence of this large class of political refugees in England? Chiefly to the acts of the very powers and governments which now complain of their presence here. They are here

because they are expelled from every other part of Europe, and especially from their own homes. Within the last few weeks the list of fugitives from political persecution has been augmented by a list of proscription containing many of the first names in the civil and military annals of France. It is by the direct act of the president of the French republic, not by our invitation or by their own choice, that these refugees are living among us; and we are at a loss to understand how governments which have just banished their political adversaries to a land where all control over their persons and opinions must cease, can address themselves to this country, as if we were to aid them in the work of persecution. We trust the political refugees of all shades of opinion, to whom this correspondence may now be known, will conform, as it is their duty to do, to the principles and the laws of the country whose hospitality and protection they accept. They are indiscriminately received; they enjoy, without exception, all the personal liberties of Englishmen; but it would be a base and unworthy return for this hearty and unsuspicious welcome to infect this island with the noisome conspiracies of revolutionary factions, or to pursue, beneath the shelter of our laws, the visionary objects of fallen dynasties, generals, and statesmen. Louis Napoleon was the first person who in our time abused this hospitality by an attempt to invade a friendly neighboring state; but we trust that no such precedent will be copied by those who are now exiled by his fears or his resentment.

From the Morning Chronicle, 28th Jan.

MORMONS.

THE writers and speakers—no longer assuming to be merely speculative, but claiming to be eminently practical—who attribute all animosity between communities to the ineffaceable distinctions of race, are nowhere more strikingly confuted than in the relations between the great divisions of the United States. The American republic assimilates differences of blood by a process so rapid that the narrowest scrutiny can scarcely detect any one of its stages beyond the beginning and the end; but, on the other hand, it comprises two populations which, as far as habits, sentiments, and political leanings can make them, are two self-contained nationalities, and of these the diversity is entirely referable to an institution artificial in its character, removable by positive law, and introduced within a period so recent as to be distinctly cognizable by history. The bondage of the negroes makes two nations of North and South; circumstances equally fortuitous, though not equally homogeneous, are setting up an impregnable barrier of manners between East and West; and now one of the deepest and most hopeless incompatibilities of which people living under the same sky are capable seems to have been created by a creed not too old for the youngest of us to remember its origin in the self-convicting impostures of a profligate vagabond. The early success, the subsequent sufferings, and the eventual exodus of the Mormons, were first laid before the English reader, in a consecutive narrative, by one of the special correspondents of *The Morning Chronicle*. His account left them settled on the borders of the Great Salt Lake, under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, governed by their own hierarchy, practising the rites of their faith and the peculiar social institutions which it sanctions, recruited in

numbers by plentiful accessions from the Eastern States and from England, turning the wilderness into a garden by assiduous culture, and affecting a lofty disdain for the gold of California, which they were the first to detect among the glittering sands of their water-courses. Since then, we have heard of them, at intervals, as claimants for a place within the broad pale of the republican government, and as recipients of the provisional organization which they had demanded. And now at last—four years from the break in their history—they reappear, in the report of the United States judges to the president of the republic, as indulging in the license of oriental manners under the laws of an Anglo-Saxon democracy, as utterly alienated in feeling from the American government, obedient to a rule of conduct completely inconsistent with its principle, pillaging its public funds, outraging its officers, and cursing the memory of its immortal founder.

There is no reason to doubt that when the Mormons fled from the banks of the Mississippi to their present settlements, they believed themselves, after the type which they keep constantly in view, to have escaped forever into the wilderness from a more than Egyptian oppression. When they afterwards solicited admittance into the Union, there was no want of complacent remark, on the other side of the Atlantic, that native-born Americans, however perverted by creed, could never be debased into resigning their natural pride in the citizenship of the great republic, or their claim to the other privileges which it confers. Whatever might be the force of these motives among the rank and file of the "Saints," it may be taken for granted that the chiefs of their hierarchy, never deficient in capacity or penetration, had discovered that a position of independence, in the territory which they occupied, had become untenable. They had been gradually enveloped on all sides. The riches of California, which the Mormons were long careful to conceal, had peopled the Pacific seaboard with thousands of the most active and encroaching spirits among the population from which they had fled. The cessions of Mexico had flanked them on the south with the possessions of the republic. Their own settlements were fast becoming a regular station on the overland route to the gold mines, and they must have known that, wherever such a road was once struck, it was sure to fix the direction of permanent emigration from the Western States. It was impossible but that a host of strangers should soon invade their borders, laying claim to all the privileges of the "Saints," but disloyal to their government and disdainful of their faith.

It was probably on a consideration of all these dangers that Brigham Young and his colleagues determined to apply to Congress for a law to constitute the settlement a territory or provisional state. Still distant and still little cared for, they might hope to get the organization of the new dependency entrusted to the members of the Mormon Church, and thus the very instruments, from which they feared so much, might be turned against the intruders whom they were expecting. The scheme seems to have so far succeeded that Brigham Young, the person invested by his church with the prophetic office, was named governor or executive head of the Territory; but, unfortunately for the Mormons—though fortunately, perhaps, for the eventual civilization of the vast tracts of country at the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains—the supreme court of the United States, whose functions always follow and control those of executive authority,

despatched judicial officers to Utah who had no original connection with it whatever. The report of these gentlemen, drawn up on their retirement from the territory in disgust, is a singular record of mortifications heaped on themselves, and of gross insults offered to the powers which they represented. It is difficult to see how the central government, consistently with its dignity, can avoid inflicting condign punishment on the Mormons. They appropriated to the purposes of their church a fund which Congress had voted for the erection of public buildings. They arrested an official who was charged with the conveyance of public moneys, in the avowed design of confiscating them. They contemptuously refused to put in execution the enactments of Congress fundamentally applicable to the new territory. They selected the most public and solemn ceremonies as occasions for putting slights upon the judges. They openly disowned the United States government, and execrated the name of George Washington. The apparently gratuitous folly of these proceedings, which seems hardly reconcilable with the known acuteness of the Mormon chiefs, is no doubt to be explained by their conviction, that it was better to brave the vengeance of the republic than to let their authority be impaired by the least deference to its officers or its behests. Much, too, of the violent language employed is only characteristic of the strata of Anglo-Saxon society from which the bulk of the Mormons has been taken. There are, however, many reflections suggested by the report which are not so easily disposed of.

How is this strange people to be dealt with? That they can ever be amalgamated or live in peace with the "Gentile" communities which will shortly be rising on all sides of them, no one can suppose for a moment who has thought on the nature and tendencies of a society which is based on polygamy. Indeed, if natural repulsion could be subdued, the very friendliness which would follow, coupled with the latitude allowed to individual action by the American institutions, would make the example of such a society a peril of signal imminence and magnitude. It is fortunate, therefore, that the antipathies between the Mormons and their neighbors must prove unconquerable, and must multiply with each succeeding generation. Insurmountable political differences will shortly be added to them. Is it to be imagined that the citizens of California or of New York will ever allow their free vote to be controlled by the verdict of a community which, however sincere itself, must always be despotically governed by an ambitious impostor? Between their polygamy, their fanaticism, and their dependence on a divinely-accredited chief, the Mormons exhibit some singular resemblance to the Mahomedan races; and we know, from experience, that political relations between Mahomedans and Christians have ever proved impossible, except on the terms of absolute subjection on one side or the other. What, then, is to be done with the "Saints"? Is their church to be violently dissolved, and their customs prohibited? Hitherto they have only gained strength, cohesion, and confidence under persecution. Are they to be conquered and expelled? While they were yet a feeble folk, the Mormons stood a regular siege at Nauvoo; and, since then, their numbers have decupled, and a campaign against them, in their own deserts, might chance to prove as bloody, dangerous, and costly as the conflict with Mexico; while it would certainly be as inglorious, and probably as long protracted, as an

Indian war. Suppose them even dislodged from Utah. The annexations from Mexico have transferred almost the whole of the unsettled countries to the allegiance of the United States, and the removal of the Mormons would therefore only postpone the problem which is offered by their extraordinary social organization. The matter is destined to cause the American government much serious, though unprofitably bestowed, perplexity.

From the Norfolk News.

A STUDY FOR THE MILLION.

WE announced last week the death of Johnson Jex, the learned blacksmith of Letheringsett. He was the son of William Jex, a blacksmith, and was born at Billingsford, in this county, in or about the year 1778. In his boyhood he was sent to a day school, but he has often been heard to say that although he was sent off to school for years, he never *went* three months in his life. He frequently walked to Foulsham instead, to look in at the shop-window of Mr. Mayes, a watchmaker, who resided there. He did not learn to read or write at school, but taught himself afterwards. His mechanical talent manifested itself at a very early age. With regard to Jex's first experiment in clock-work, the following anecdote is related. When about twelve or thirteen years of age, a watchmaker went to his mother's house to clean her clock. Jex watched him while he took it in pieces, cleaned the works, and put them together again. No sooner had he left than the boy determined to try whether he could not do the same. He at once went to work, and completed his task with all the skill and exactitude of an experienced hand. (He did not mention this occurrence till several years afterwards.) From that time he began to turn his attention to watch and clock making, and eventually attained great excellence in the art. When about thirteen years old he became acquainted with Mr. Mayes, of whom mention has already been made. Mr. Mayes' attention was first attracted towards Jex by frequently observing him look in at his window. He at length asked him what he wanted. Jex replied, he "wished to see *that thing*"—pointing to a newly invented instrument for either clock or watch making. Mr. Mayes showed it him, but did not allow him to touch it. Jex declared he "could make one like it," and he accordingly did so in about a month. Mr. Mayes was delighted with the talent and ingenuity displayed by the boy, and from that time took great pleasure in showing him anything connected with his business. At his death he left Jex a legacy of 50*l.*, as a proof of the high esteem he entertained for him. In early life Jex was by no means robust in health, and he afterwards declared his belief that working at the bout-hammer, at the blacksmith's anvil, had been the means of strengthening his constitution and saving his life. Some particulars of Jex's early history are given in Young's "General View of the Agriculture of the County of Norfolk." We subjoin the following extract, written about the year 1802. "Under the head implements, I must not conclude without mentioning a person of most extraordinary mechanical talents. Mr. Jex, a young blacksmith at Billingsford, at sixteen years of age, having heard that there was such a machine as a way-measurer, he reflected by what machinery the result could be produced, and set to work to contrive one; the whole was his own invention. It

was done, as might be expected, in a round-about way, a motion too accelerated, corrected by additional wheels, but throughout the complicity such accurate calculations were the basis of his work, that when finished and tried it was perfectly correct without alteration. His inventive talents are unquestionable. He has made a machine for cutting watch pinions, a deepening tool, a machine for cutting and finishing watch-wheel teeth, of his own invention, a clock-barrel and fusee engine, made without ever seeing anything of the kind. He made a clock, the teeth of the wheels cut with a hack saw, and the balance with a half round file. He has made an electrical machine, and a powerful horse-shoe magnet. Upon being shown by Mr. Munnings a common barrow-drill, the delivery by a notched cylinder, he invented and wrought an absolutely new delivery; a brass cylinder, with holes, having movable plugs governed by springs which clear the holes or cups, throwing out the seed of any size with great accuracy; and, not liking the application of the springs on the outside of the cylinder, reversed the whole, and in a second, now making, placed them most ingeniously within it." Shortly after Young's notice of him was written, Jex removed to Letheringsett, near Holt, where he worked as a common blacksmith till within the last thirty years. Since that time he has employed workmen in the practical part of his business, but he continued till his decease to live in the house adjoining the blacksmith's shop. The first watch ever constructed by Jex was made after he had settled at Letheringsett, for his friend the Rev. T. Munnings, of Gorget, near Dereham. *Every part of this watch, including the silver face, and every tool employed in its construction, were of Jex's own making.* One of the greatest efforts of Jex's inventive powers was the construction of a gold chronometer, with what is technically termed a "*detached escapement*" and compensating balance, which was made long before he ever saw or heard of the "*detached escapement*"—the principle of which has since been so successfully applied by Arnold and Earnshaw. Jex turned the jewels himself, made the cases, the chain, the mainspring, and indeed every part of the watch, except the dial. The very instruments with which he executed this wonderful piece of mechanism were of his own workmanship. It is only by watchmakers themselves that this triumph of skill can be adequately appreciated. They know that no single man is ever employed to make a complete chronometer, but that different parts of the mechanism are entrusted to different hands, and that many are employed upon a single watch. This watch is now in the possession of Mr. Blakeley, of Norwich. Such was Jex's thirst for information, and such was his resolution to clear away every obstacle which impeded his progress, that, wishing to read some French works on Horology, he mastered, *unassisted*, the French language, when about sixty years of age! He then read the books in question, but found that they contained nothing which was new to him, he having become thoroughly acquainted with the subject by previous study of English authors. Another of Jex's inventions was a lathe of extraordinary power and ingenuity, which remained in his possession until his death. By means of this lathe, he was enabled to cut the teeth of wheels mathematically correct into any number, even or odd, up to 2,000, by means of a dividing plate. He also constructed a lathe on a minute scale for turning diamonds, which is very complicated in its structure. He

likewise invented an air-tight furnace door for his own greenhouse, so constructed that the fire would keep lighted from Saturday night till Monday morning, thus obviating the necessity of attending to it on Sunday. About ten years ago he invented a method of opening green-house windows to any required width, and so fastened that the wind has no power over them. Jex was also an iron and brass founder, a glass-blower, a maker of mathematical instruments, barometers, thermometers, gun barrels, air guns, &c. Jex understood electricity, galvanism, electro-magnetism, &c., and had a thorough knowledge of chemistry as far as the metals are concerned. Amongst other sciences, Jex understood astronomy, and could calculate the time by the fixed stars. In taking astronomical observations, he was accustomed to make use of his own door-posts and a chimney opposite. He made telescopes and *metallic reflectors*, which are universally acknowledged to be extremely difficult of construction. He was naturally a timid man, and excessively afraid of contagion; yet he lived in a state of filth which was almost sufficient of itself to generate disease. He never allowed a woman to enter his house for the sake of cleaning it, and his rooms consequently contained the accumulated dust of years. His disposition was shy and retiring; but whenever he met with any one whose tastes were similar to his own, he would converse for hours with the greatest delight on any subject connected with the arts and sciences. He was a man of the strictest integrity, and of unimpeachable veracity. He was *entirely* destitute of the love of money, and sought out truth for its own sake, and with no view to any personal gain. Such an example is rare indeed in this grasping and selfish age. He was kind in his manner to the poor, and rarely sent a mendicant away without relief. In 1845, Jex had a stroke of paralysis, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. His intellect gradually lost much of its original power, and the last year or two especially a very marked alteration was perceptible. He was again attacked with paralysis in November last—and his death took place the 5th of January. His remains are interred in Letheringsett churchyard.

ALFRED A. FRY.—The "Sun," in noticing the recent decease of a very remarkable man, Alfred Augustus Fry, says:—

"His memory is to be regarded with respect for his noble qualities as a *citizen* and a *politician*. Although he never assumed a place in *public* life, as one of the prominent notabilities of the day, he is well known to a large circle of men who have been used to the political movements of the last forty years, as one of that band of intrepid and truly honest men who have contributed so effectually in their sphere to produce the present enlightened and reforming state of the public mind. To use the emphatic expression of the Lord Chancellor a few months ago, he was 'a reformer long before reform was fashionable'; and we may add he was one of the men who did much, and at a great cost to himself, to make reform 'fashionable.' As he began in youth, so he continued through a preëminently energetic manhood, and so he remained at the close of a career, which, although he was approaching his term of threescore years and ten, we cannot but feel was too prematurely closed. His favorite maxim was that of the noble Roman poet—*Vitam impendere Vero*—and to that self-sacrificing principle of action throughout his career he invariably, at every cost, adhered. Honored be his memory! He belonged to a race of earnest men

—true political heroes—deep thinkers and energetic actors; and we hold forth his example as a guide to the rising generation of politicians in the stirring time so distinctly at hand."

This praise is very just. Mr. Fry was neither a public writer nor a public speaker, and yet he influenced the opinions of many men who have left their mark upon the times in which they lived. He was a commercial man—originally a wholesale stationer—subsequently an accountant, and lastly a partner in the eminent firm of De la Rue and Co.—a busy man in his private affairs, but yet displaying an intense energy upon all public questions. His education had been of a high order; his literary attainments were extensive and almost profound. He could readily turn from his newspaper to his *Athenæum*, and pour out a flood of conversational eloquence upon Roman luxury or English freedom. When William Hone went through his three days of terrible contest with judicial predetermination to convict and punish, there was a tall man at his side, who ever and anon handed him a book, and whose eager deportment might have indicated that he was one of a small band who held that the battle was as much their affair as that of the poor bookseller. When the bar of the House of Lords was the scene of more impassioned eloquence than had perhaps ever been there heard before—for the occasion was the trial of a queen—the same man was intently waiting upon the words of Brougham and Denman; and on one occasion a few Greek sentences were hastily jotted down by him, and, passing into the hands of one of these orators, were uttered with a force and solemnity which became the withering denunciation of antiquity thus suggested. Those were times when freedom of opinion was very dangerous. The days of reform were at hand, and Alfred Fry worked in that struggle with a zeal which shrunk from no fatigue and asked for no rest. He had his reward in the improved state of law and of opinion, which has been the glory and safety of the last twenty years. The remembrance of his early contests then came gradually to be mellowed by a calm historical light. Public men and passing events were to have their characters and their real importance tested by a fixed standard of principle, and not by enthusiastic feelings. But there was one dominant idea for which he would have fought to the death—that England should be essentially Protestant, if she would remain spiritually and intellectually free.

MR. POWERS AND OLD HABITS.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN RESIDING TEMPORARILY IN FLORENCE.

My correspondent is engaged in putting up some fixtures, and thus describes some of the vexatious incidents of a dependence on the mechanics of that city. He says:—

"In America I might be saved all this loss of time; but here, where the carpenters have nothing but a *red-hot poker to bore deep holes with*, (not an auger in all Florence!) what can be expected from other mechanics? A part of my room is fitted up like a blacksmith's shop, where I hammer through my difficulties as best I may. But, you will ask, how do the Florentines get on? Why, they get on as their grandfathers did. They work without tools; and take as much time to do a thing as a Yankee would require to do it twice or thrice over. What would you think to see a man sawing wood, holding the wood in both hands, and the saw frame between his knees, bobbing up and down over it with the perspiration dripping from his nose? and yet this is the way that the sawyers all do here. Everything is inside out, or the wrong end foremost, in this country. The gimblets are made to turn the reverse of ours; axes are shaped like grubbing-hoes; and plows are made from a forked tree. Even the sculptors are incorrigible. Our celebrated fellow-citizen, Powers,

has invented and constructed many ingenious tools and great improvements in that art; and, although all praise and admire, none will adopt them. For instance, Mr. Powers, to prevent his models drying in the intervals between work, or in the night-time, has an oil-cloth cylinder suspended over the work from a pulley. When this is drawn down, the air is effectually excluded, and there can be, of course, no evaporation. Well, the native artists have been to see it; but as it never had been done by Canova, they could not make up their minds to try it. They returned to their studios, and still adhere to the old method, which is to swathe the clay statue from head to feet with wet bandages of muslin. This soon rots, and soils the clay with slime; and, besides, it rubs away the delicate modelling. It also requires considerable time to put it on and take it off, whereas, by Mr. P.'s method, it is done in an instant.

"But Mr. Powers has gone even beyond all this, for he now models his statues without the use of clay at all. He has discovered a process by which he makes the plaster as impressible as clay, thus saving both expense and time. This is an immense improvement; but, nevertheless, the old fogies shake their heads at it, as much as to say, 'Our grandfathers did n't do things in this manner.'

"Before closing, I ought to tell you that Mr. P. is blocking out his *America* in a spotless piece of marble. It is of the natural size of America, if you can guess what that is; or about six feet one inch high. I wish Congress would order it made of colossal size, say ten or twelve feet high, and put it in the place of the *ten-pin-player* on the eastern portico of the Capitol. It is rather an oversight in the Great West to neglect their renowned fellow-citizen, whose genius was first excited on the banks of *la belle riviere*."—*National Intelligencer*.

CATLIN'S EXHIBITION.—Mr. Catlin has recently been exerting himself in the advocacy of a "museum of mankind, to contain and perpetuate the familiar looks, the manufactures, history, and records of all the vanishing races of man." A report on the subject was lately read by him at one of our scientific societies; and on Friday the 9th, he delivered an address on the subject at his American Indian Collection. He opened by a general review of his past labors in the study of the native tribes of America, illustrated by a reference to some of the numerous records he has collected, and by the appearance of various natives themselves in full costume. Mr. Catlin then proceeded to enforce the comprehensive scheme which now occupies him. After pointing out the urgent necessity of at once engaging in the formation of a museum of the kind proposed by him, if it is to be gathered together at all—for the inroads of civilization are rapidly extirpating the native races of the world—he went on to develop his plan in its practical details. He proposes, as the first step, the purchase and fitting up of a steamer "as a floating museum," in which the sea-port towns of all countries should be visited; considering that this mode of exhibition would possess great advantages through "the facility of its visiting the chief cities of the world, stopping no longer in any than a lucrative excitement could be kept up;" and in the great immediate saving of time, as well as in other respects. Mr. Catlin's present collection would form the basis of such a museum, and he undertakes all liabilities and risks.

The lecturer expressed his determination to persist in his efforts until they shall have accomplished the object he has in view; and, in order to give further publicity to his plans, he announced a continuation of lectures and discussions on the subject every Thursday evening for the present. The remarkable energy Mr. Catlin has heretofore displayed may give us confidence in at least his unflinching perseverance.—*Spectator*, 17th January.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE TWO ISABELS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Oh love, love, love, love!—love is like a dizziness;
It will not let a poor man go about his business.

OLD SONG.

And are these follies going,
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold, or wise, for woman's eyes
Again to set it glowing?

MOORE.

The general put on his spectacles, and looked steadfastly at Isabel for at least two minutes. "Turn your head," he said, at last—"there to the left."

Isabel Montford, although an acknowledged beauty, was as amiable as she was admired; she had also a keen appreciation of character; and, though somewhat piqued, was amused by the oddity of her aunt's old lover. The general was a fine example of the well-preserved person and manners of the past century; beauty always recognizes beauty as a distinguished relative; and Isabel turned her head, to render it as attractive as it could be.

The general smiled, and, after gazing for another minute with evident pleasure, he said—"Do me the favor to keep that attitude, and walk across the room."

Isabella did so with much dignity; she certainly was exceedingly handsome;—her step light, but firm; her figure admirably poised; her head well and gracefully placed; her features finely formed; her eyes and smile bright and confiding. She would have been more captivating had her dress been less studied; her taste was evidently Parisian rather than classic. The gentleman muttered something, in which the words, "charming," and "to be regretted," only met her ear; then he spoke distinctly:

"You solicited my candor, young lady—you challenged comparison between you and your compeers, and the passing belles whom I have seen. Now, be so kind as to walk out of the room, reënter, and curtsey."

Had Isabel Montford been an uneducated young lady, she might have flounced out of the *salon*, in obedience to her displeasure, which was very decided; but as it was, she drew herself to her full height, and swept through the folding-doors. The general took a very large pinch of snuff. "That is so perfectly a copy of her poor aunt!" he murmured;—"just so would she pass onward, like a ruffled swan: she went after that exact fashion into the ante-room, when she refused me, for the fourth time, thirty-five years ago."

The young Isabel reëntered, and curtseyed. The gentleman seated himself, leaned his clasped hands upon the head of his beautifully inlaid cane—which he carried rather for show than use—and said, "Young lady, you look a divinity! Your *tournure* is perfection; but your curtsey is frightful! A dip, a bob, a bend, a shuffle, a slide, a canter—neither dignified, graceful, nor self-possessed! A curtsey is in grace what an *adagio* is in music;—only masters of the art can execute either the one or the other. Why, the beauty of the Duchess of Devonshire could not have saved her reputation as a graceful woman, if she had dared such a curtsey as that."

"I assure you, sir," remonstrated the offended Isabel, "that Madame Micheau—"

"What do I care for the woman?" exclaimed the general, indignantly. "Have I not memory?"

"Can you not teach me?" said Isabel, amused and interested by his earnestness.

"I teach you!—I! No; the curtseys which captivated thousands in my youth were more an inspiration than an art. The very queen of *ballet*, in the present day, cannot curtsey."

"Could my aunt?" inquired Isabel, a little saucily.

"Your aunt, Miss Montford, was grace itself. Ah! there are no such women now a-days!"

And, after the not very flattering observation, the general moved to the piano. Isabel's brows contracted, and her cheeks flushed; however, she glanced at the looking-glass, was comforted, and smiled. He raised the cover, placed the seat with the grave gallantry of an old courtier, and invited the young lady to play. She obeyed, to do her justice, with prompt politeness; she was not without hope that *there*, at least, the old gentleman would confess she was triumphant. Her white hands, gemmed with jewels, flew over the keys like winged seraphs; they bewildered the eye by the rapidity of their movements. The instrument thundered, but the thunder was so continuous that *there was no echo!* "The contrast will come by-and-by," thought the disciple of the old school;—"there must be some shadow to throw up the lights."

Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backwards and forwards of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning! Another crash—louder—a great deal of crossing hands—violent strides from one end of the instrument to the other—prodigious displays of strength on the part of the fair performer—a terrific shake! "What desperate exertion!" thought the general; "and all to produce a soulless noise." Then followed a fearful banditti of octaves—another crash, louder and more prolonged than the rest; and she looked up with a triumphant smile—a smile conveying the same idea as the pause of an opera-dancer after a most wonderful *pirouette*.

"Do you keep a tuner in the house, my dear young lady?" inquired the general.

If a look could have annihilated, he would have crumbled into ashes; but he only returned it with admiration, thinking "How astonishingly like her aunt, when she refused me the second time!"

"And that is fashionable music, Miss Montford? I have lived so long out of England, only hearing the music of Beethoven, and Mozart, and Mendelssohn, I was not aware that noise was substituted for power, and that execution had banished expression. Dear me!—why, the piano is vibrating at this moment! Poor thing! How long does a piano last you, Miss Montford?"

Isabel was losing her temper, when fortunately her aunt—still Miss Vere—came to the rescue. The lovers of thirty years past would have met anywhere else as strangers. The once rounded and queen-like form of the elder Isabel was shorn of its grace and beauty; of all her attributes, of all her attractions, dignity only remained; and it was that high-bred, innate dignity which can never be acquired, and is never forgotten. She had not lost the eighth of an inch of her height, and her gray hair was braided in full folds over her fair but wrinkled brow. Isabel Montford looked so exactly what Isabel Vere had been, that General Gordon was sorely perplexed; Isabel Vere, if truth must be told, had taken extra pains with her dress; her niece had met the general the night before, and her

likeness to her aunt had so recalled the past, that his promised visit to his old sweetheart (as he still called her) had fluttered and agitated her more than she thought it possible an interview with *any* man could do; she quarrelled with her beautiful gray hair, she cast off her black velvet dress disdainfully, and put on a blue *Moire antique*. (She remembered how much the captain—no, the GENERAL, once admired blue.) She was not a coquette; even gray hair at fifty-five does not cure coquetry where it has existed in all its strength; but, for the sake of her dear niece, she wished to look as well as possible. She wondered why she had so often refused "poor Gordon." She had been all her life of too delicate a mind to be a husband-hunter, too well satisfied with her position to calculate how it could be improved, and yet, she did not hesitate to confess to herself that now, in the commencement of old age, however verdant it might be, she would have been happier, of more consequence, of more value, as a married woman. She had too much good sense, and good taste, to belong to the class of discontented females, consisting of husbandless and childless women, who seek to establish laws at war with the laws of the Almighty; so, if her heart did beat a little stiffly, and sundry passages passed through her brain in connexion with her old adorer, and what the future might be—she may be forgiven, and will be, by those not strong-minded women who understand enough of the waywardness of human nature to know that, if *young* heads and *old* hearts are sometimes found together, so are young hearts and old heads. The young laugh to scorn the idea of Cupid and a crutch, but Cupid has strange vagaries, and at any moment can barb his crutch with the point of an arrow.

"The old people," as Isabel Montford irreverently called them that evening, did not get on well together; they were in a great degree disappointed one with the other. They stood up to dance the "*minuet de la cour*," and Isabel Vere languished and swam as she had never done before; but the general only wondered how stiff she had grown, and hoped that he was not as ill used by time as Mistress Isabel Vere had been. At first, Isabel Montford thought it "good fun" to see the antiquities bowing and curtsying, but she became interested in the lingering courtliness of the little scene, trembled lest her aunt should appear ridiculous, and then wondered how she could have refused such a man as General Gordon must have been.

Days and weeks flew fast; the general became a constant visitor in the square, and the heart of Isabel Vere had never beaten so loudly at twenty as it did at fifty-and-five; nothing, she thought, could be more natural than that the general should recall the days of his youth, and seek the friendship and companionship of her who had never married, while he—faithless man!—had been guilty of two wives during his "services in India." It was impossible to tell which of the ladies he treated with the most attention. Isabel Montford took an especial delight in tormenting him, and he was cynical enough towards her at times. Although he frankly abused her piano-forte playing, yet he evidently preferred it to the music Miss Vere practised so indefatigably to please him, or to the songs she sung, in a voice which, from a high "soprano," had been crushed by time into what might be considered a very singular "mezzo." He somehow forgot how to find fault with Miss Montford's dancing, and more than once became her partner in

a quadrille. It was evident, that while the general was growing young, Miss Vere remained—"as she was!" Isabel Montford amused herself at his expense, but he did not—quick-sighted and man-of-the-world though he was—perceive it. At first he was remarkably fond of recalling and dating events, and dwelling upon the grace, and beauty, and interest, and advantage, of whatever was past and gone—much to the occasional pain of Isabel Vere, who, gentle-hearted as she was, would have consigned *dates* to the bottomless pit; latterly, however, he talked a good deal more of the present than of the past, and, greatly to the annoyance of the younger men, fell into the duties of escort to both ladies—accompanying them to places of public promenade and amusement.

On such occasions, Miss Isabel Vere looked either earnest or bashful—yes, positively bashful; and Miss Isabel Montford, brimfull of as much mischief as a lady could delight in. At times, the general laid aside his cynical observations, together with his cane, which was not even replaced by an umbrella; to confess the truth, he had experienced several symptoms of *heart disease*, which, though they made him restless and uncomfortable, brought hopes and aspirations of life, rather than fears of death.

One morning, Isabel Montford and the general were alone in the *salon* where this little scene first opened:—

"Our difference has never been settled yet," she exclaimed, gayly; "you have never proved to me the superiority of the Old school over the New."

"Simply because of your superiority to both," he replied.

"I do not perceive the point of the answer," said the young lady. "What has my superiority over *both* to do with the question?"

The general arose, and shut the door. "Do you think you could listen to me seriously for five minutes?" he said.

"Listening is always serious work," she answered. He took her hand within his; she felt it was the hand of age; the bones and sinews pressed on her soft palm with an earnest pressure.

"Isabel Montford—could you love an old man?"

She raised her eyes to his, and wondered at the light which filled them:—

"Yes," she answered, "I could love an old man dearly; I could confide to him the dearest secret of my heart."

"And your heart, your heart itself? Such things have been, sweet Isabel." His hand was very hard, but she did not withdraw hers.

"No, not *that*, because—because I have not my heart to give." She spoke rapidly, and with emotion. "I have it not to give, and I have so longed to tell you my secret! You have such influence with my aunt, you have been so affectionate, so like a father to me, that if you would only intercede with *her*, for *him* and me, I know she could not refuse. I have often—often thought of entreating this, and now it was so kind of you to ask, if I could love an old man, giving me the opportunity of showing that I do, by confiding in you, and asking your intercession."

The room became misty to the general's eyes, and the rattle of a battle-field sounded in his ears, and beat upon his heart.

"And pray, Miss Montford," he said, after a pause, "who may *him* be?"

"Ah, you do not know him!—my aunt forbade

the continuance of our acquaintance the day before I had the happiness to meet you. It was most fortunate I woo'd you to call upon her, thinking—" (she looked up at his fine face, whose very wrinkles were aristocratic, and smiled her most bewitching smile) "thinking the presence of the only man she ever loved would soften her, and hoping that I should one day be privileged to address you as my friend, my uncle!" And she kissed his hand.—It really was hard to bear. "I have heard her say," persisted the young lady, "that when prompted by evil counsel, she refused you, she loved you, and since your return, she only lives in your presence." The general wondered if this was true, and thought he would not give the young beauty a triumph. He was recovering his self-possession. "I remembered your admiration of *passing belles*, and felt how kindly you tolerated me, *for my aunt's sake*; and surely you will aid me in a matter upon which my happiness and the happiness of that poor dear fellow depends!" She bent her beautiful eyes on the ground.

"And who is the poor dear fellow?" inquired the general, in a singularly husky voice.

"Henry Mandeville," half-whispered Isabel. "Oh, is it not a beautiful name? the initials on those lovely handkerchiefs you gave me will still do; I shall still be I. M."

"A son of old Admiral Mandeville's?"

"The *youngest* son," she sighed, "that is my aunt's objection; were he the *eldest*, she would have been too happy. Oh, sir, he is such a fine fellow—such a hero! lost a leg at Cabool, and received I don't know how many stabs from those horrid Affgauns."

"Lost a leg?" repeated the general, with an approving glance at his own; "why, he can never dance with you."

"No, but he can admire my dancing, and does not think my curtsy a dip, a shuffle, a bend, a bob, a slide, a canter! Ah! dear general, I was always perfection in his eyes."

"By the immortal duke," thought the general, "the young divinity is laughing at me!"

"My aunt only objects to his want of money; now I have abundance for both; and your recom-

mendation, dear sir, at the Horse Guards, would at once place him in some position of honor and of profit; and, even if it were abroad, I could leave my dear aunt with the consciousness that her happiness is secured by you, dear guardian angel that you are! Ah, sir! at your time of life you can have no idea of our feelings."

"Oh yes, I have!" sighed the general.

"Bless you!" she exclaimed enthusiastically; "I thought you would recall the days of your youth and feel for us; and when you see my dear Henry—"

"With a cork leg—"

"Ay, or with two cork legs—you will, I know, be convinced that my happiness is as secure as your own."

"Women are riddles, one and all!" said the general, "and I should have known that before."

"Oh! do not say such cruel things and disappoint me, depending as I have been on your kindness and affection. Hark!" she continued, "I hear my aunt's footstep; now dear, *dear* general, reason coolly with her—my very existence depends on it. If you only knew him! Promise, do promise, that you will use your influence, all-powerful as it is, to save my life."

She raised her beautiful eyes, swimming in unshed tears, to his; she called him her uncle, her dear noble-hearted friend; she rested her snowy hand lovingly—imploringly, on his shoulder, and even murmured a hope that, her aunt's consent once gained, it might not be impossible to have the two weddings *on the same day*.

The general may have dreaded the banter of sundry members of the "Senior United Service Club" who had already jested much at his devotion to the two Isabels; he *may* have felt a generous desire to make two young people happy, and his good sense doubtless suggested that sixty-five and twenty bear a strong affinity to January and May; he certainly did himself honor, by adopting the interests of a brave young officer as his own, and avoided the banter of "the club" by pledging his thrice-told vows to his "old love," the same bright morning that his "new love" gave her heart and hand to Henry Mandeville.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

VINETA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MULLER.

Vineta is the name of a lake in the island of Ruegen, in the Baltic. Tradition says, that in ancient times there stood a city on this spot, which sunk, and the lake came up in its stead; the chime of bells from the steeples is still often heard beneath the waters.

From the lake's unfathomed waters ringing,
Evening bells sound faintly through the air:
Thus to mortals wondrous tidings bringing
From the far old wondrous city there.

Low it rests, with earth no more connected,
Waters now its lonely ruins lave;
Still, from pinnacle and spire reflected,
Golden sparks are mirrored in the wave.

And the boatman who, with eye enchanted,
Once hath seen the light, at sunset clear,
Ever seeks the magic spot undaunted,
Heeding not the rocks that threaten near.

From the heart's unfathomed depths, a ringing
Comes to me like faintly sounding bells;
Ah, it cometh wondrous tidings bringing,
Of the love once cherished there it tells.

To those depths a beauteous world is given,

Sunken there its ruins still remain;
Still they shine, like golden sparks of heaven,
In the mirror of my dream again.

Then, beneath the waters disappearing,

Would I sink in yon reflection fair,
And, as if angelic voices hearing,

Fain would seek the wondrous city there.

A Buckeye Abroad; or, Wanderings in Europe and the Orient. By Samuel S. Cox. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1852.

Here is a traveller from Ohio, who visited Europe in the year of the great exhibition, and, after a look at the Crystal Palace and its samples of the products of all the civilized countries of the globe, wandered through Europe, to Greece and its isles, and to Asia Minor. The author had his eyes open wherever he went, and though here and there an exception may be taken to his English, describes what he saw with liveliness and spirit, which is a more important quality than mere verbal neatness and accuracy. It is a pleasant book for the winter evenings, and not ill-suited for "light summer reading." The work is illustrated by several neat engravings on wood, representing remarkable places.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

With a keen eye and overflowing heart . . .
He pours out truth in words by thoughtful love
Inspired—works potent over smiles and tears.

WORDSWORTH.

ALTHOUGH an author of some years' standing, and of considerable repute in his own country, Mr. Hawthorne has been, until quite recently, all but unknown among ourselves. Only a few practised litterateurs recognized him, as a writer who could rifle "Twice-told-Tales" of their proverbial tedium, and could distil spirit and life from the "Mosses of an Old Manse." What would lately have been deemed an "impossible quantity" of his writings, is now circulated up and down these islands, wherever railways and shilling libraries are on the *qui vive*. He is now fairly seated on the same eminence with Cooper and Washington Irving; and we trust that the sympathy with his singular but fascinating works, at length evoked among the old Britishers, will encourage him to strains in a yet higher mood—for he would seem to be one of those self-distrustful and diffident authors to whom the "inward witness" of genius is naught, unless confirmed by the "external evidence" of third and fourth editions. Sooth to say, we know of few living tale-tellers who even approach him in the art of investing with an appropriate halo of visionary awe those subjects which relate to the supernatural—those legendary themes whose province is the dim borderland of fancy. His is the golden mean between the Fee-faw-fum terrors of spectre-factors extraordinary, and that chill rationalism which protests there are *not* more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of—pshaw, it never dreams!—say, rather, seen and handled, weighed and analyzed to the minutest globule—in its philosophy. He is far enough, on the one hand, from the red-and-blue-light catastrophes of Monk Lewis; and, on the other, he steers clear of the irony of scepticism, and narrates his traditions with a grave simplicity and cordial interest, the character of which is, as it should be, highly contagious. Of this "unfathomable world" of ours he can say,

I have watched
Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,
And my heart ever gazes on the depth
Of thy deep mysteries :*

and he has pondered much on what Wordsworth calls

That superior mystery—
Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,
And the dread soul within.

He throws deep and scrutinizing glances on those realities which cluster around man's heart of hearts. He loves to give way to dreamy yet serious speculations—to the wayward, undulating motion of thoughts that *wander* through eternity. He is one of the subtlest of psychologists, while reporting the results of his study, without any affectation of scholastic jargon. His still waters run deep; how clearly they reflect the "human face divine" of man, woman, and child, let those testify who frequent the green pastures through which they stray, and who have gazed idly or otherwise into the placid stream—finding therein, some at least, a magic mirror, from which they have departed in self-introspective mood, saying, "We have seen strange things to-day!"

* Shelley.

CCCCXI. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXIII. 2

There can be little question that the most powerful—if also the least pleasing—of Mr. Hawthorne's fictions, is "The Scarlet Letter," a work remarkable for pathos in the tale, and art in the telling. Even those who are most inclined (and with reason) to demur to the plot, are constrained to own themselves enthralled, and their profoundest sensibilities excited by

The book along whose burning leaves
His scarlet web our wild romancer weaves.

The invention of the story is painful. Like the "Adam Blair" of Mr. Lockhart, it is a tale of "trouble, and rebuke, and blasphemy;" the trouble of a guilty soul, the rebuke of public stigma, and the occasion thereby given to the enemy to blaspheme. For, of the two fallen and suffering creatures whose anguish is here traced out, little by little, and line upon line, with such harrowing fidelity, one, and the guiltiest of the twain, is, like Adam Blair, a venerated presbyter, a pillar of the faith; the very burden of remorse which crushes his soul increases the effect of his ministrations, giving him sympathies so intimate with the sinful brotherhood of mankind—keeping him down on a level with the lowest—him, the man of ethereal attributes, whose voice the angels might have listened to and answered; and thus his heart vibrates in unison with that of the fallen, and receives their pain into itself, and sends its own throb of pain through a thousand other breasts, in gushes of sad, persuasive eloquence.

It has been objected to works of this class that they attract more persons than they warn by their excitement. Others have replied—"What is the real moral of any tale? Is it not its permanent expression—the last burning trace it leaves upon the soul? And who ever read 'Adam Blair'?"—we are citing the words of a critic of that book—"without rising from the perusal saddened, solemnized, smit with a profound horror at the sin which wrought such hasty havoc in a character so pure and a nature so noble! This effect produced, surely the tale has not been told in vain." However this may be, we find reviewers who moot the above objection to such fictions in general, avowing, with reference to the "Scarlet Letter" in particular, that if sin and sorrow in their most fearful forms are to be presented in any work of art, they have rarely been treated with a loftier severity, purity, and sympathy than here. What so many romancists would have turned into a fruitful hotbed of prurient description and adulterated sentiment, is treated with consummate delicacy and moral restraint by Mr. Hawthorne. As Miss Mitford observes, "With all the passionate truth that he has thrown into the long agony of the seducer, we never, in our pity for the sufferer, lose our abhorrence of the sin." How powerfully is depicted the mental strife, so tumultuous and incessant in its agitation, of the young clergyman, Arthur Dimmesdale—whom his congregation deem a miracle of holiness—the mouthpiece of Heaven's messages of wisdom, and rebuke, and love—the very ground he treads being sanctified in their eyes—the maidens growing pale before him—the aged members of his flock, beholding his frame so feeble, (for he is dying daily of that within which passeth show,) while they themselves are rugged in their decay, believe that he will go heavenward before them, and command their children to lay their old bones close to their young pastor's holy grave; and all this time, perchance, when *he* is thinking of his

grave, he questions with himself whether the grass will ever grow on it, because an accursed thing must there be buried. Irresistibly affecting is the climax, when he stands in the pulpit preaching the election sermon, (so envied a privilege!) exalted to the very proudest eminence of superiority to which the gifts of intellect, rich lore, prevailing eloquence, and whitest sanctity could exalt a New England priest in those early days—and meanwhile his much-enduring partner-in-guilt, Hester Prynne, is standing beside the scaffold of the pillory, with the scarlet letter still burning on her breast—still burning into it! There remains but for him to mount that scaffold—in haste, as one in *articulo mortis*, to take his shame upon him—and to lay open the awful secret, “though it be red like scarlet,” before venerable elders, and holy fellow-pastors, and the people at large, whose great heart is appalled, yet overflowing with tearful sympathy. The injured husband, again, is presented with memorable intensity of coloring. He quietly pitches his tent beside the dissemler, who knows him not; and then proceeds—*festinat lentè*—with the finesse of a Machiavel, and the fiendish glee of a Mephistophiles, to unwind the *nexus* of the tragedy only to involve his victim inextricably in its toils. One feels how fitting it is that, when he has gained his purpose, old Roger Chillingworth should droop and his whole nature collapse—that all his strength and energy, all his vital and intellectual force, should seem at once to desert him, so that he withers up, shrivels away, and almost vanishes from mortal sight, like an uprooted weed that lies welting in the sun—such being the self-generated retribution of one who has made the very principle of his life to consist in the pursuit and systematic exercise of revenge. His it is to drain the dregs of the bitter truth, that

To be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

And what shall we say of Hester Prynne, his ill-mated, ill-fated bride? Gazing at so mournful a wreck, we are reminded of the pathos and significance in the words of One of old time, of One who spake as never man spake: “Seest thou this woman?” The distinguishing characteristic of Christian ethics has been said to lie in the recognition of the fact, that the poor benighted pariah of social life will often, in the simple utterance of a cheerful hope in his behalf, see a window opening in heaven, and faces radiant with promise looking out upon him.* Mr. Hawthorne’s “searching of dark bosoms” has taught him a humane psychology. He will not judge by the mere hearing of the ear or seeing of the eye; he can quite appreciate and illustrate by history—if history be philosophy teaching by example—the pregnant paradox of poor disrowned Lear, ending with “And then, handy-dandy, which is the justice, and which is the thief?” Not that he palliates the sin, or acts as counsel for the defendant; on the contrary, few have so explicitly surrounded the sin with ineffaceable deformities, or the criminal with agonizing woes. But he feels that our casuistry is pervaded by ignorance of a thousand cumulative conditions, and this precludes him from judging peremptorily by the outward appearance. Masterly is his delineation of Hester in her life of penance—the general symbol at which preacher and moralist may point, and in which they may embody their images of frailty—and over whose

grave the infamy she must carry thither will be her only monument. A mystic shadow of suspicion attaches itself to her little lonesome dwelling. Children, too young to comprehend why she should be shut out from the sphere of human charities, creep nigh enough to behold her plying her needle at the cottage-door, or laboring in her little garden, or coming forth along the pathway that leads townward; and then, discerning the scarlet letter on her breast, scamper off with a strange, contagious fear. She stands apart from moral interests, yet close beside them, like a ghost that revisits the familiar fireside, and can no longer make itself seen or felt; no more smile with the household joy, nor mourn with the kindred sorrow; or, should it succeed in manifesting its forbidden sympathy, awakening only terror and horrible repugnance. Of a tale so told it may be well said that

—In proud Hester’s fiery pang we share.*

It is highly characteristic of our author to make little Pearl a source of wild foreboding to her remorseful mother. The elf-child is so freakish, tetchy, and wayward—she has such strange, defiant, desperate moods—she plays such fantastic sports, flitting to and fro with a mocking smile, which invests her with a certain remoteness and intangibility, as if she were hovering in the air, and might vanish like a glimmering light, whose whence and whither we know not—that Hester cannot help questioning, many a time and oft, whether Pearl is a human child. Similarly it is devised that Hester should believe, with shuddering unwillingness, that the scarlet letter she wears has endowed her with a new sense, and given her a sympathetic knowledge of the hidden sin in other hearts. She is terror-stricken by the revelations thus made. Must she receive as truth these intimations, so obscure, yet so distinct? Surely, in all her miserable experience, there is nothing else so awful and so loathsome as this sense. What marvel if the vulgar, in those dreary old times, aver that the symbol is not merely scarlet cloth, tinged in an earthly dye-pot, but is red-hot with infernal fire, and can be seen glowing all alight whenever Hester Prynne walks abroad after dusk. “And, we must needs say, it scared Hester’s bosom so deeply, that perhaps there was more truth in the rumor than our modern incredulity may be inclined to admit.” The picture is one that leaves an indelible impression on the mind. Nor may we forget to notice how skillfully the background is filled in, and in what excellent keeping with the foremost figures are the puritan, sombre shades behind. The patriarchal era of New England life has found no such vivid and graphic a painter as Nathaniel Hawthorne, and it is evidently one which he knows to be his *forte*—witness the constancy of his attachment to its grim and rugged aspect.

Less powerful and pathetic, but at the same time less open to objection on grounds already stated, “The House of the Seven Gables” is a vigorous, highly-finished performance, of sterling value for its originality, its shrewd perception of character, its descriptions, its humor, and its plot. Nothing, says one of his reviewers, can be better than the manner in which Mr. Hawthorne presses superstition into his service as a romancer, leaving the reader to guess and explain such marvels as, at first seen down the dim vista of time, are reproduced more faintly in the world of the real present. His passion for studying idiosyncrasy is

* Thomas de Quincey.

* Dr. Holmes, of Boston. (U. S.)

largely illustrated in this fine legend. He seems to have as keen a zest for individuality and eccentricity as Charles Lamb himself in actual life. "Common natures," says the latter, "do not suffice me. Good people, as they are called, won't serve. I want individuals. I am made up of queer points, and I want so many answering needles." And thorough "individuals"—in the sense most grateful to Elia, and most grammatically satisfactory to Archdeacon Hare†—are Clifford and Hephzibah Pyncheon, Holgrave the daguerreotypist, racy old Uncle Venner, and that dainty piece of little womanhood, cousin Phœbe. Judge Pyncheon is one of those whitened sepulchres from which Mr. Hawthorne has such a knack in scraping off the paint; the contrast between the male cousins is admirably brought out, and the effect of the catastrophe upon Clifford is developed with true "subjective" power. We love the description of the Old House, with its quaint figures and grotesque gothicisms, its seven gables and multitudinous lattices, its spacious porch, its mysterious fountain, its garden and grassplot. The book is rich, too, in "strong situations." It gives unusual scope, moreover, to its author's humor—for instance, the etching of the "First Customer," with his illimitable appetite for gingerbread versions of Jim Crow immediately after breakfast, and an elephant or two of the same *matériel*, as a preliminary whet before dinner—or the portrait of good Uncle Venner, with his immemorial white head and wrinkles, and solitary tooth, and dapper blue coat, ill-supported by tow-cloth trousers, very short in the legs, and bagging down strangely in the rear—in short, a miscellaneous old gentleman, partly himself, but in good measure, somebody else—an epitome of times and fashions. Mr. Hawthorne's humor is habitually of a quiet order, contenting itself with descriptive passages at intervals, and glances of sarcasm *en passant*—sometimes, however, bubbling into the farcical, as in the fragment touching Mrs. Bullfrog. Old Maid Pyncheon's character, a compound of the pathetic and the ludicrous, affords ample play for the comic element; and it is instructive to observe the limits to which comedy is restrained, and how it is made to enhance what is affecting in the poor spinster's portraiture.

Such are this author's two leading works. Before their appearance, he had gained celebrity at home as a gifted tale-teller and essayist, by the publication of "Twice-Told Tales," and "Mosses from an Old Manse." Folks there are, in this unaccountable world, who can afford, or pretend they can afford, to turn up their nose (like a peacock, as Miss Squeers has it) at tales and story-books. These "potent, grave, and reverend signiors" affect to say with one of Molière's heroes,

—C'en est trop, à la fin,
Et tu me mets à bout par ces contes frivoles.‡

Do they include in their one fell swoop the tale of Troy divine, the tales of Boccaccio and Chaucer, the tales of the Princess Scheherazade? A tale has been called the germ of every other kind of composition—of Novel, Tragedy, Comedy, Epic, and all. "It is the first key to tune the infant's heart, which swells up to the very eyes at its mother's tale. It is often the last to win its way into the fastness of age, which weeps, and thrills, and shakes its gray locks at nothing so much as at

a tale." Old Menenius Agrippa immortalized himself by his faculty in this line of things, when he said to the seditious Romans (if we may quote Shakspeare's poem as authority):

——— I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To state 't a little more.*

Assuredly the gift in question is no every-day one, and this gift Mr. Hawthorne possesses in no common degree. We need but allude to "Lady Eleanor's Mantle," "Rappaccini's Daughter," "Roger Melvin's Burial," "The Birth-Mark," "Young Goodman Browne," "The Haunted Mine," &c. His stories have been likened to Tieck's, in their power of translating the mysterious harmonies of nature into articulate meanings; and to Töpffer's, in high finish and purity of style. Perhaps the chief fascination about them is their "unworldliness." The self-willed wandering of dreamy thought in such pieces (how Elia would have greeted them with an "Ah benedicite!") as "Monsieur du Miroir," "Earth's Holocaust," and the "Procession of Life," is delightful. What caustic and comprehensive mental analysis in the "Christmas Banquet!" What Bunyan-like discernment in the "Celestial Railroad!" What spiritual insight in the "Bosom Serpent!" But we must pause, in deference to our compositor's stock of "marks of admiration," and to the gentle reader's over-strained quality of mercy.

Mr. Hawthorne, we are told, is astonished at his own celebrity, and "thinks himself the most over-rated man in America." Let him bring out of his treasures things new and old—other original legends and other twice-told tales—and we can promise him a fresh and increasing fund of astonishment, until, like Katerfelto, his hair stand on end at his own wonders. And so we bid him very heartily farewell!

THE scheme for an Ocean Penny Postage, chimerical as it may have looked to many on a first glance, continues to gain converts in quarters where to gain an interest is a necessary step to a fair trial of its merits. Within the last few days a meeting has been held in Manchester, at which the mayor presided—and many of the best-known men of the district were named a committee to carry out the views of its originators. In London, a deputation from the society formed during the Great Exhibition for the same purpose has had an interview with Lord Granville at his official residence, in which they impressed on the mind of the new foreign secretary the importance of taking an early opportunity of inviting continental and other nations to a friendly consideration of the point. Lord Granville said as much in reply as official reserve would allow. He observed that it was the true interest of this country to promote peace and interchange between nations, and that, therefore, in his opinion a system of cheap postage was desirable as a means of facilitating the easy and rapid interchange of knowledge and ideas. But the details, he said, must be considered by the chancellor of the exchequer. He pledged himself to give every support in the power of his office to the views of the deputation. The public will soon have an opportunity of learning the opinions of other ministers on this interesting topic, for we understand that Mr. Milner Gibson, one of the deputation, is prepared to bring a bill before Parliament in the coming session, when a fair appeal can be made to the country through its representatives.—*Athenæum*.

* Coriolanus.

* Life and Letters, vol. ii.

† See "Guesses at Truth," vol. i., p. 151, 3d edition.

‡ L'E'tourd.

From the Examiner.

The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr.
With Essays on his Character and Influence by
the Chevalier BUNSEN and Professors BRANDIS
and LOEBELL. Two vols. Chapman and Hall.

We are duly forewarned in the preface to this work, that

It is founded upon one entitled "*Lebensnachrichten über Barthold Georg Niebuhr*," which is chiefly composed of extracts from Niebuhr's letters; though a short narrative, intended to explain these, and fill up the chasms they leave in his history, is prefixed to each of the periods into which it is divided. The principal editor of the "*Lebensnachrichten*" was Madame Hensler, Niebuhr's sister-in-law, to whom most of the letters are addressed.

The *Lebensnachrichten*, however, have been rather adapted to judicious use than simply translated. All the best stones have been brought from the old German obelisk, and others carefully sought wherewith to fill up gaps in the erection of this new English monument to Niebuhr's memory. Madame Hensler's narrative, although new facts are added, has been much condensed. The number of Niebuhr's letters has been lessened, though in this, as in the German work, Niebuhr's own writing occupies by far the largest portion of the book. Letters have been omitted that appeared too learned for a miscellaneous public; while at the same time the character and proportions of the whole body of the correspondence have been preserved exactly as they were represented by Niebuhr's lifelong friend, the sister of his first wife, the woman who herself would have been Niebuhr's only wife, had she not been when she first met him a young widow vowed to preserve with constancy allegiance to her first love.

To the *Life* as it lies now before us we have only to give unreserved commendation. It is emphatically a good book, and the result of careful and conscientious labor. The subject is of the best. Niebuhr was born preëminently gifted, was trained by intellectual and tender parents, and his whole career is one story of the progress made by a mind which united extraordinary powers with untiring industry. But Niebuhr was not only born to achieve greatness. He achieved love and friendship in every relation of his life; he was a high-minded and in the purest sense of the word an earnest man. In intellect he was a giant among us; but in him the intellect was not a statue raised above the moral life, on which it trod as on a pedestal, a block of mere stone-mason's work; his heart had not been used up in the making of his brains, or his soul cleared out a sacrifice to make room for a new stock of understanding. We may yield our minds up to admire Niebuhr unreservedly, and it is pleasant therefore to get a *Life* of him in English, so full as this is of the actual man, as he poured out portions thereof to his bosom friends, and wherein the large lumps of true Niebuhr gold are contained in a biographic deposit which itself is a long way removed from dross. The quiet, unaffected way in which her work has been done by the English writer of the book before us, her elegant simplicity of style, her thorough mastery of the subject, enable us to pass from *Life* to *Letters*, and from *Letters* back to *Life*, without any sense but of a perfect harmony between both. The two volumes are of a kind that can be read through from the beginning to the end with unremitting pleasure.

We strongly suspect that Niebuhr, at the age

of twelve, would have bewildered with his knowledge some few of our university professors. Here is part of a sketch, representing him when he was not very far removed from long clothes:—

How keenly alive he was to poetical impressions appears from a letter of Boje's, written in 1783: "This reminds me of little Niebuhr. His docility, his industry, and his devoted love for me procure me many a pleasant hour. A short time back I was reading 'Macbeth' aloud to his parents without taking any notice of him, till I saw what an impression it made upon him. Then I tried to render it all intelligible to him, and even explained to him how the witches were only poetical beings. When I was gone, he sat down, (he is not yet seven years old,) and wrote it all out on seven sheets of paper without omitting one important point, and certainly without any expectation of receiving praise for it; for, when his father asked to see what he had written, and showed it to me, he cried for fear he had not done it well. Since then he writes down everything of importance that he hears from his father or me. We seldom praise him, but just quietly tell him where he has made any mistake, and he avoids the fault for the future."

The child's character early exhibited a rare union of the faculty of poetical insight with that of accurate practical observation. The amusements he contrived for himself afford an illustration of this. During the periods of his confinement to the house, before he was old enough to have any paper given him, he covered with his writings and drawings the margins of the leaves of several copies of Forskaal's works, which were used in the house as waste paper. Then he made copy-books for himself, in which he wrote essays, mostly on political subjects. He had an imaginary empire called Low England, of which he drew maps, and he promulgated laws, waged wars, and made treaties of peace there. His father was pleased that he should occupy himself with amusements of this kind, and his sister took an active part in them. There still exist among his papers many of his childish productions; among others, translations and interpretations of passages of the New Testament, poetical paraphrases from the classics, sketches of little poems, a translation of Poncet's *Travels in Ethiopia*, an historical and geographical description of Africa, written in 1787 (the two last were undertaken as presents to his father on his birth-day), and many other things mostly written during these years.

Here is Niebuhr, at the age of thirty-four, Professor in Berlin, after he had retired from official trusts which had imposed as many toils upon him as would have made an enormously active life for one of the most ancient tenants of our English pension-list to look back upon.

Niebuhr's relinquishment of office, in 1810, forms an important epoch in his life. He was now thirty-four years of age, and since his twentieth year, (with the exception of the sixteen months passed in England and Scotland,) had been actively engaged in the public service. During this period he had, indeed, never lost sight of his philological researches, but he had only been able to devote to them his few hours of leisure; now it was to be seen whether he could find satisfaction in the life of a student, after years passed in the midst of the great world, and surrounded by exciting circumstances. How far he had, however, turned these leisure hours to account, may be judged by the following memorandum, found, with many others of a similar kind, among his papers, and written most probably in Copenhagen about 1803.

"Works which I have to complete:

"1. Treatise on Roman Domains.

"2. Translation of El Wakidi.

"3. History of Macedon.

"4. Account of the Roman Constitution at its various Epochs.

"5. History of the Achaean Confederation, of the Wars of the Confederates, and of the Civil Wars of Marius and Sylla.

"6. Constitutions of the Greek States

"7. Empire of the Caliphs."

No detailed outlines of these, or any of his other literary undertakings, are to be found; but it must not be inferred that such memoranda contain mere projects, towards whose execution no steps were ever taken. That Niebuhr proposed any such work to himself, was a certain sign that he had read and thought deeply on the subject, but he was able to trust so implicitly to his extraordinary memory, that he never committed any portion of his essays to paper, till the whole was complete in his own mind. His memory was so wonderfully retentive, that he scarcely ever forgot anything which he had once heard or read, and the facts he knew remained present to him at all times, even in their minutest details.

His wife and his sister once playfully took up Gibbon, and asked him questions from the table of contents about the most trivial things, by way of testing his memory. They carried on the examination till they were tired, and gave up all hope of even detecting him in a momentary uncertainty, though he was at the same time engaged in writing on some other subject. He was once conversing with a party of Austrian officers about Napoleon's Italian campaigns. Some dispute arose respecting the position of different corps in the battle of Marengo. Niebuhr described exactly how they were placed, and the progress of the action. The officers contradicted him; but on maps being brought he was found to be in the right, and to know more of the details of the conflict than the very officers who had been present. One day, when he was talking with Professor Welsker, of Bonn, the conversation happened to turn on the weather, and Niebuhr quoted the results of barometrical observations in the different years, as far back as 1770, with perfect accuracy.

This power was not a merely mechanical faculty; it was intimately connected with the power of instantaneously seizing on all the relations of any fact placed before him, and with his wonderful imagination; his imagination, however, was that of an historian, not of a poet—it was not creative, but enabled him to form from the most various, and apparently inadequate sources, distinct and truthful pictures of scenes, actions and characters. Hence his keen delight in travels: hence, too, his habit of pronouncing judgment on the men of other countries and of past times, with all the warmth of a fellow-countryman and a contemporary.

With his warm affections, and clear-sighted moral sense, it was impossible for him to form such opinions on past or present history, coolly standing aloof, as it were, and regarding the subject with calm superiority; he could not but condemn and despise all that was pernicious and base; he could not but love and reverence, with his whole heart, whatever was noble and beautiful. Such opinions and feelings he expressed with the utmost frankness, sometimes even with vehemence, when prudence would have counselled more guarded language.

Here is Professor Niebuhr holding up a bright example to our friends who fear to look ridiculous in rifle clubs:—

On the evacuation of Berlin by the French in Feb., 1813, Niebuhr shared in the national rejoicings, and not less in the enthusiasm displayed in the preparations for the complete re-conquest of freedom. When the Landwehr was called out, he refused to evade serving in it, as he could take no other part in the war. His wish was to act as secretary to the general staff; but if this were not possible, he meant to enter the service as a volunteer with some of his friends. For this purpose he went through the exercises, and when the time came for those of his age to be summoned, sent

in his name as a volunteer to the Landwehr. He would have preferred entering a regular regiment, and applied to the king for permission to do so; but this request was refused by him, and he added that he would give him other commissions more suited to his talents.

Niebuhr's friends in Holstein could hardly trust their eyes when he wrote them word that he was drilling for the army, and that his wife entered with equal enthusiasm into his feelings. The greatness of the object had so inspired Madame Niebuhr, who was usually anxious, even to a morbid extent, at the slightest imaginable peril for the husband in whom she might be truly said to live, that she was willing and ready to bring even her most precious treasure as a sacrifice to her country.

Hitherto we have quoted the biography, but on this point, and at a time when we are seeking to forearm ourselves against the chance of evil, it may edify us to hear Niebuhr himself speak on the theme of ball practice. Niebuhr, it should be remembered, writes at a time when two volumes of his great work, the "History of Rome," had been appreciated by the public:—

I come from an employment in which you will hardly be able to fancy me engaged—namely, exercising. Even before the departure of the French, I began to go through the exercise in private, but a man can scarcely acquire it without companions. Since the French left, a party of about twenty of us have been exercising in a garden, and we have already got over the most difficult part of the training. When my lectures are concluded, which they will be at the beginning of next week, I shall try to exercise with regular recruits during the morning, and as often as possible practise shooting at a mark. . . . By the end of a month I hope to be as well drilled as any recruit who is considered to have finished his training. The heavy musket gave me so much trouble at first, that I almost despaired of being able to handle it; but we are able to recover the powers again that we have only lost for want of practice. I am happy to say that my hands are growing horny; for as long as they had a delicate bookworm's skin, the musket cut into them terribly.

And now let us give a view of Niebuhr as Professor in Bonn, together with a few well-written notes upon his character:—

We have seen that, at Berlin, Niebuhr delivered his lectures verbatim from written notes. At Bonn, on the contrary, his only preparation consisted in meditating for a short time on the subject of his lecture, and referring to authorities for his data, when he found it necessary, and he brought no written notes with him to the lecture-room. His success in imparting his ideas varied greatly at different times, as it depended almost entirely on his mental and physical condition at the moment. He always felt a certain difficulty in expressing himself. He grasped his subject as a whole, and it was not easy to him to retrace the steps by which he had arrived at his results. Hence his style was harsh and often disjointed; and yet he possessed a species of eloquence whose value is of a high order—that of making the expression the exact reflection of the thought—that of embodying each separate idea in an adequate, but not redundant form. The discourse was no dry, impersonal statement of facts and arguments, or even opinions; the whole man, with his conceptions, feelings, moral sentiments, nay, passions too, was mirrored forth in it. Hence Niebuhr not merely informed and stimulated the minds of his hearers, but attracted their affections. That he did this in an eminent degree, was not indeed owing to his lectures alone, but also to his kind and generous conduct. All who de-

served it were sure of his sympathy and assistance, whether oppressed by intellectual difficulties, or pecuniary cares. During the first year, he delivered his lectures without remuneration; afterwards, on its being represented to him that this would be injurious to other professors, who could not afford to do the same, he consented to take fees, but employed them in assisting poor scholars and founding prizes. He often, however, still remitted the fee privately, when he perceived that a young man could not well afford it, and never took any from friends.

But those who were admitted to his domestic circle were the class most deeply indebted to him. His interest in all subjects of scientific or moral importance was always lively; and it was impossible to be in his company without deriving some accession of knowledge and incentive to good. From his associates, he only required a warm and pure heart and a sincere love of knowledge, with a freedom from affectation or arrogance. Where he found these, he willingly adapted himself to the wants and capacities of his companions; would receive objections mildly, and take pains to answer them, even when urged by mere youths, and weigh carefully every new idea presented to him. He was fond of society, and while his irritability not seldom gave rise to slight misunderstandings and even temporary estrangements in the circle of his acquaintance, there were some friends with whom he always remained on terms of unbroken intimacy, among whom may be named Professors Brandt, Arndt, Nitzsch, Bleek, Näge, Welcker, and Hollweg. He enjoyed wit in others, and in his lighter moods racy and pointed sayings escaped him not unfrequently.

His intercourse was not confined to literary circles. In all the civil affairs of the town and neighborhood he took an active interest from principle as well as inclination, for he considered a man as no good citizen who refused to take his share of the public business of the neighborhood in which he lived; and the loss which left so great a blank in the world of letters, was also deeply regretted by his fellow-townsmen of Bonn.

Niebuhr's mode of life at Bonn was very regular, and his habits simple. He hated show and unnecessary luxury in domestic life. He loved art in her proper place, but could not bear to see her degraded into the mere minister of outward ease. His life in his own family showed the erroneousness of the assertion that a thorough devotion to learning is inconsistent with the claims of family affection. He liked to hear of all the little household occurrences, and his sympathy was as ready for the little sorrows of his children as for the misfortunes of a nation. He was in the habit of rising at seven in the morning, and retiring at eleven. At the simple one o'clock dinner, he generally conversed cheerfully upon the contents of the newspapers which he had just looked through. The conversation was usually continued during the walk which he took immediately afterwards. The building of a house, or the planting of a garden, had always an attraction for him, and he used to watch the measuring of a wall, or the breaking open of an entrance, with the same species of interest with which he observed the development of a political organization. The family drank tea at eight o'clock, when any of his acquaintance were always welcome. But during the hours spent in his library, his whole being was absorbed in his studies, and hence he got through an immense amount of work in an incredibly short time.

Finally, here is the death of the immortal historian:—

The last political occurrence in which Niebuhr was strongly interested, was the trial of the ministers of Charles the Tenth; it was indirectly the cause of his death. He read the reports in the French journals with eager attention; and as these newspapers were

much in request at that time, from the universal interest felt in their contents, he did not in general go to the public reading-rooms where he was accustomed to see the papers daily, until the evening. On Christmas Eve and the following day, he was in better health and spirits than he had been for a long while; but on the evening of the 25th of December, he spent a considerable time waiting and reading in the hot news-room, without taking off his thick fur cloak, and then returned home, through the bitter frosty night air, heated in mind and body. Still full of the impression made on him by the papers, he went straight to Classen's room, and exclaimed, "That is true eloquence! You must read Sauzet's speech; he alone declares the true state of the case; that this is no question of law, but an open battle between hostile powers! Sauzet must be no common man! But," he added immediately, "I have taken a severe chill, I must go to bed." And from the couch which he then sought, he never rose again, except for one hour, two days afterwards, when he was forced to return to it quickly, with warning symptoms of his approaching end.

His illness lasted a week, and was pronounced, on the fourth day, to be a decided attack of inflammation on the lungs. His hopes sank at first, but rose with his increasing danger and weakness; even on the morning of the last day he said, "I may still recover." Two days before, his faithful wife, who had exerted herself beyond her strength in nursing him, fell ill and was obliged to leave him. He then turned his face to the wall, and exclaimed with the most painful presentiment, "Hapless house! To lose father and mother at once!" And to the children he said, "Pray to God, children! He alone can help us!" And his attendants saw that he himself was seeking comfort and strength in silent prayer. But when his hopes of life revived, his active and powerful mind soon demanded its wonted occupation. The studies that had been dearest to him through life, remained so in death; his love to them was proved to be pure and genuine by its unwavering perseverance to the last. While he was on his sick bed, Classen read aloud to him for hours the Greek text of the Jewish History of Josephus, and he followed the sense with such ease and attention, that he suggested several emendations in the text at the moment; this may be called an unimportant circumstance, but it always appeared to us one of the most wonderful proofs of his mental powers. The last learned work in which he was able to testify his interest, was the description of Rome by Bunsen and his friends, which had just been sent to him; the preface to the first volume was read aloud to him, and called forth expressions of pleasure and approbation. He also asked for light reading to pass the time, but our attempts to satisfy him were unsuccessful. A friend proposed the "*Briefe eines Verstorbenen*," which was then making a great sensation; but he declined it, saying he feared that its levity would jar upon his feelings. One of Cooper's novels was recommended to him, and excited his ridicule by its extraordinary verbiage; he was much amused by trying an experiment he proposed, which consisted in taking one period at hap-hazard on each page; and by the discovery that this mode of reading did little violence to the connexion of the story. The "*Cölnische Zeitung*" was read aloud to him up to the last day, with extracts from the French and other journals. He asked for them expressly, only twelve hours before his death, and gave his opinion half in jest about the change of ministry in Paris. But on the afternoon of the 1st of January, 1831, he sank into a dreamy slumber; once, on awakening, he said that pleasant images floated before him in sleep: now and then he spoke French in his dreams; probably he felt himself in the presence of his departed friend, De Serre. As the night gathered, consciousness gradually faded away; he woke up once more about mid-

night, when the last remedy was administered; he recognized in it a medicine of doubtful operation, never resorted to but in extreme cases, and said in a faint voice, "What essential substance is this? Am I so far gone?" These were his last words; he sank back on his pillow, and within an hour his noble heart had ceased to beat.

Niebuhr's wife died nine days after him, on the 11th of the same month, about the same hour of the night. She died, in fact, of a broken heart, though her disease was, like his, an inflammation of the chest. She could shed no tears, though she longed for them, and prayed God to send them; once her eyes grew moist, when his picture was brought to her at her own request, but they dried again, and her heavy heart was not relieved. She had her children often with her, particularly her son, and gave them her parting counsels. And so her loving and pure soul went home to God. Both rest in one grave, over which the present King of Prussia has erected a monument to the memory of his former instructor and counsellor. The children were placed under the care of Madame Hensler, at Kiel.

Our copious extracts from the biographic portion of the work will amply satisfy the mind of any one who needs more than report to convince him of the tact and good taste which have presided over the transformation of Madame Hensler's *Lebensnachrichten* into a readable and interesting book, which is likely to be read for years as the best English record of a life that will be looked back upon with interest by all posterity.

From the N. Y. Times.

DEATH OF FRAZEE, THE ARTIST.

This distinguished artist died last week, at the residence of his daughter in New Bedford, at the age of sixty years. Mr. Frazee filled so large a space in the affections of the citizens of this metropolis that it would be matter of supererogation to speak of him, except to record his lamented demise; but his fame abroad may require a more extended notice.

Mr. Frazee was a native of Brunswick, New Jersey, where he passed his youth at hard labor on a farm, and subsequently adopted the trade of stone-cutter, which employment developed the genius which afterward led to the celebrity he so signally deserved. He removed to this city about the year 1820, opened a shop, and soon outstripped all competitors in the beauty and finish of his monuments, tablets, ornamented mantels, and the delicacy of his lettering. For many years he had few rivals and no superior in his profession, and orders beset him from all quarters in this country, and many from foreign countries. His success in this department was complete, and satisfied all his reasonable expectations.

He next turned his attention to sculpture, and, at the request of the Bar of New York, was employed in the Mural Tablet and Bust of John Welles, which fills a conspicuous place in St. Paul's Church. This is considered by connoisseurs as the most elaborate and highly finished piece of sculpture ever wrought in America.

This production, with others, which he subsequently executed, attracted the attention of the trustees of the Boston Athenæum, and at their request, in 1834, he proceeded thence, and modelled a series of busts of eminent men in that city, which now adorn that classic repository. They were of Webster, Bowditch, Prescott, Story, J. Lowell, and T. H. Perkins. Afterward he went, by special order, to Richmond, where he produced the renowned likeness of John Marshall, copies of which adorn the court-rooms of New York, New Orleans, and the capital of Virginia. On his return he visited President Jackson, at whose house

he executed an inimitable head of that extraordinary man.

Among his other productions were heads of General Lafayette, in 1824, De Witt Clinton, John Jay, Bishop Hobart, Dr. Milnor, Dr. Stearns, Nathaniel Prime, George Griswold, Eli Hart, &c.

The monument, however, which is destined to perpetuate his fame is that classic structure, the New York Custom House. This edifice was commenced in 1834 by another gentleman, who, when he had finished the base, abandoned the work and withdrew his plans. Mr. Frazee was obliged to commence *de novo*, and in 1843 had completed a work which is the admiration of his own countrymen and all intelligent Europeans who visit us.

During the erection of the Custom House, from the dampness of its material and concomitant causes, he contracted a disorder which caused paralysis, from which he never recovered. For several years he held a subordinate post under the collector; but party discipline demanded its victim, and the architect of that noble structure was driven from the little room which sheltered his enfeebled frame. *Proh pudor! Proh dolor!*

His last effort with the chisel was in giving the finishing touch to the bust of Gen. Jackson, which had remained in his studio seventeen years, without an order for completion. This was in November last, and while assiduously at work, his mallet fell from his hand, and his worn-out body followed it to the floor.

"Peace to the memory of a man of worth."

C. T.

NEW OMNIBUS.—During its twenty years' existence the London Omnibus has scarcely undergone a single alteration for the better—except as regards price. Yet there are few things in which improvement would add to the comfort of so many persons. A new idea has just been started in the way of omnibus construction. The chief novelty consists in the fact that the seats, capable of accommodating ten passengers inside, are detached, somewhat after the style of those in first-class railway carriages, and so contrived that the passengers sit with their faces to the horses, leaving a clear passage up the centre of from eighteen to twenty inches in width and six feet four inches in height. The passage is covered in by a semi-circular glass roof, by which means ample light is obtained. The ventilation is effected by interstices over the windows in each compartment, and perforated metal pannels in the door of the vehicle:—which altogether weighs no more when loaded than the usual omnibuses. At the head of the vehicle is an alarm bell, to communicate to the driver and conductor, accessible to all the passengers. There are also a couple of clips for newspapers, an almanac, indicator, and a lamp. The inventor of this vehicle is said to be a private gentleman having no property in omnibuses and no connexion with the road.

MOUNT ZAHARAH.—There exists on Mount Zaharah, in an island of the Red Sea, an emerald mine, which the Pacha of Egypt has for a long time wished to work, and which had been abandoned in the latter end of Mehemet Ali's reign. A British company lately solicited and obtained permission to re-commence the works. In executing some operations lately, Mr. Allan, the company's engineer, discovered at a great depth a gallery of the most remote antiquity. He succeeded in finding ancient tools and utensils, and a stone on which were engraved hieroglyphic characters in a great measure erased. The nature and form of the tools, utensils and gallery prove that the ancient Egyptians had made great progress in engineering. It would appear, on studying the stone, that the date of the mine goes back as far as about 1650 years B.C.

THE EMIR OF THE DRUSES AND THE CORRESPONDENT OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

A VERY long ride had nearly brought me to the conclusion of my first prolonged journey, when my guide proposed a short cut to the residence of an Emir of the Druses, whose charmingly situated dwelling looks upon a little bay southward of the city. We had done with the rest of the cavalcade, and had left it early in the morning with orders to present itself at Beirout as soon as might be. It was growing dusk, and the "short cut," performed with the usual recklessness of my attendant, was down a very steep slope, composed, as the clanking of the plates with which the horses are shod soon told me, of rock, made smooth by a watercourse. He was not, moreover, quite sure about his road, and every now and then we pulled up at some particularly awkward hollow or gully, into which he thought it might be as well not to plunge until he was quite sure it was not entirely out of our way. Finally we came to a dead halt. As the shades were coming on thickly, and it was obvious that we were proceeding by guess-work, which would have been of no consequence on decent ground, but which, as the horses lost their foot-hold incessantly, and there was clearly no saying into what hole or abyss we might plunge in the dark, "I judged it very convenient" (as Lady Mary Wortley Montague says) to take a decided course. So I made my guide dismount, and give me his rein, and then I requested he would discover the road, somehow or other, and, in the mean time, I proposed to wait his return in a tolerably convenient landing-place, upon which we planted the horses. He was more inclined to go on as we were; but, as I was obstinate, he started on the quest, and I lit a chibouk. He was absent a long time, and I had ample leisure for meditation, not unmixed with speculation, as to what sort of a night I should spend if I lost my guide altogether. The Syrian stars came out one by one; and, bright as they looked, they made everything seem colder. The question was assuming a serious form, when I heard a call at a considerable distance, and when it was repeated again and again, the utterer seemed to be going round me; and so, concluding that Joseph could not find the spot, I fired a pistol as a signal. The sudden report, in the dead silence, was taken up by many echoes, but I was more comforted by hearing the voice of several dogs in answer, obviously at no great distance. It was a long time still before my guide returned, but he ultimately did so, out of breath, and very eager. Almost before he would speak he had turned the horses' heads up the slope, and had scrambled into his saddle. He then found time to tell me that we had been going all wrong, and had been getting near a very dangerous place, but that now he knew where he was. We scaled the slippery hill, and struck away from the top, at another angle, speedily getting into a tolerably good path. Half an hour's riding brought us into a large area, as it seemed to me, surrounded on three sides by buildings, and I heard the splash of the sea. Some large dogs, probably those who had answered my signal, came growling about us, but the guide's calls brought out two or three servants, to whom he briefly explained that we had come to see the Emir, and to stay with him for the night. The Emir, however, was not at home; he had gone out hawking, and, to the astonishment of his people, was still absent. The best thing we could do was to come into the house and wait for him—he could not be very long; people did not hawk in the dark; besides, his brother was there, and would receive us. I thought, under the circumstances, that we might go further and fare worse, so sent in my message, and was speedily invited to enter. The room was by no means so comfortable as that of my friend the blind chief of the hill, but it was more pretentiously furnished; the divan was lofty, and the cushions richly covered—there was also a curtain at

the enormous ugly window, and, so far as I could see by the lamplight, some attempts at ornamental painting on the ceiling. I afterwards found that the Emir had a decided taste for French and English furniture, in which respect he resembles the Sultan, whose charming kiosk at Constantinople is fitted up like an English gentleman's cottage *ornée*. Placed upon the elevated divan, I waited a long time before anybody appeared, but at last the Emir's brother and a young nephew entered. They were richly dressed, and their manners were most courteous, the "repose," so characteristic of oriental style, being seen to excellent advantage. Speaking for the Emir, the brother bade me a hearty welcome, but I observed that he did not order a pipe to be brought me. The nephew, a boy of about twelve, was one of the handsomest and most intelligent lads I have ever seen. He was encouraged by his uncle to talk to the stranger, and he poured out a string of questions, not, however, in the rattling European style, but with self-possession, and he waited carefully for the answers, and made sure he understood them. This young pagan gentleman's inquiries were directed to higher matters than those which had occupied the attention of my Mohammedan or Christian entertainers in Syria. The most troublesome of his investigations was that into the nature of "the contrivance for sending messages in a moment from one place to another," the fame of which had reached them. Not to be able to explain this would have been humiliating; to explain it truthfully to people who had as much notion of electricity as I have of the social condition of Uranus, was a task from which I think even Coleridge himself (whose explanations were the largest upon record) would have shrunk. I was obliged to take a middle course, and state that iron rods of great length were so agitated by machinery at one end as to vibrate at the other, and I took some credit to myself for having told, not the truth, but what was as near the truth as the hospitable heathens could comprehend. It may also be not amiss to state that, on my inquiring whether the young Druse would like to visit Europe, he replied that it would give him great pleasure to do so, but that it would occasion so much concern to his relatives, that he did not entertain the idea; an answer which, coming from one who was "no better than a pagan," struck me as proper enough. He demanded, in return, whether I had any relatives, and, if so, whether I was travelling with their consent? His manner of talk reminded me of the page Eudemon, who, Rabelais tells us, was brought to Grangousier's court to shame the young Gargantua out of his ignorant idleness—"With a clear and open countenance, ruddy lips, his eyes steady, and his looks straight, began gracefully to commend Gargantua, first, for his virtue and good manners; second, for his knowledge; third, for his nobility; fourth, for his bodily accomplishments; and, in the fifth place, most sweetly exhorted him to reverence his father with all due observancy, who was so careful to have him well brought up. Whereto all Gargantua's answer was that he fell to crying like a calf." I ought further to mention that gas-lighting was another topic on which the young gentleman had thought a good deal, or at all events put some sensible inquiries. I found afterwards that this lad was the hope of the distinguished family to which he belongs. His father had been in great favor with the Emir, but had chosen to plunge into all sorts of disreputable courses, and had been discarded, but the boy had given signs of so much intelligence and docility that he had been adopted by his formidable uncle, and was in training to become a chief among his people. He interested me much.

After a long conversation, a trampling of horses in the court-yard announced an arrival, and the Emir himself shortly afterwards entered. My dragoman had hurried out to inform him of my arrival, so when he came in he was prepared to welcome his guest.

His face was the darkest I ever saw where no black blood ran, and the Corsair's "glittering eye and black brow's sable gloom" were at once before me. He was richly dressed, in a fur-edged mantle of violet velvet, much embroidered, and wore an ornamented velvet cap. He walked with dignity, and was rather reserved during such of our interview as passed in the presence of others. He immediately issued orders which his relatives had, I suppose, not presumed to give in his absence. One of the most magnificent pipes I ever held—about ten feet long, and covered with embroidered velvet, and with brilliants at the mouth-piece—was brought to me, and delicious coffee was served, the filigree cup-stand being very elegant. He said that the delay in his return had been caused by the loss of one of his hawks, which had flown away; but upon my expressing a regret at a circumstance so annoying to a sportsman, he smiled very graciously, and said that the balance of the day's adventures left an advantage with him—he had lost a bird and found a guest. I do not think one of Dumas' courtly old feudal barons could have said a more polite thing. Explaining that he had ordered food to be prepared, (which was a particularly agreeable sound to me,) he took up the conversation—his nephew eagerly repeating to him part of what had already passed—and he requested another explanation of the electric telegraph. I got away from this as quickly as I could to topics which (as the Squire in "Tom Jones" says of religion, politics, and drink,) are "things we all understand," and we took up the hawking, and he was sedulous in inquiring whether the king of my country ever hawked. I explained that my sovereign seldom indulged in this amusement, but that there was a nobleman of the highest rank who was always feeding eyes with unwashed meat, in case the royal taste should set in that direction. Dinner was speedily announced. The passage to the dining-room was along some intricate and rather rough passages, a sort of hand-ladder being among the means of ascent; but it was a very snug little room when I got there, with a French clock in it, and some flower-paintings round the walls. The brother of the Emir, and the little nephew were present, although they touched nothing, and were both exceedingly attentive to my comforts. The repast itself contained fewer dishes, but those far better cooked, than I had been in the habit of seeing on oriental tables. "Rodgers' cutlery" was upon the board, as usual. After dinner I was invited to join the great man in his private divan. This was a capital little room, a luxurious row of cushions along one side, chintz curtains festooned, and with rings in Parisian fashion, and a most beautiful carpet, of exceeding softness, on the floor. There were ornaments in the room—alabaster vases, French, with artificial flowers, and two clocks, neither of them going. The Emir was curled up in a corner, and a beautiful little page (who looked exactly like one of the ballet-girl pages in one of Madame Vestris' Eastern burlesques) relieved another equally pretty attendant in bringing him his cocoa-nut *narghilé*. A similar article was brought to me, and the dialogue lasted about two hours. It turned chiefly on military matters—the Emir had heard, among other things, that balloons (which he understood so far as to be aware that they ascended to great heights) had been employed in war. I said that the French had used them, and had sent up two or three officers when besieging a certain city. The Emir was prompt with his reply, "What was the use of two or three men in an attack?" But he seemed struck by the information as to the real object, and meditated thereon for a long time. During the *séance*, an attendant came in to announce that the lost hawk had been found, upon which the Emir gave directions that it should be taken all care of, and turning to me said, in his previously fine manner, that it was obvious my visit had brought him good fortune.

My sleeping quarters were assigned to me in a large room across the court. I confess it did not prepossess me, and, on entering it, its loftiness, solitariness, and gloom, made it resemble the tomb of the Capulets, as represented on the stage. It was certainly eighteen feet high and five-and-twenty square, and the light of a solitary lamp gave it a very funereal appearance. But a legion of servants came in with mattresses and cushions and quilts, and under my dragoman's direction I was soon in a most comfortable bed, and the distant plash of the Mediterranean quickly sent me off. When I woke, the sunshine of a glorious morning was forcing its way through various crevices and cracks in the boards nailed over certain square holes, which nobody but an oriental or a tax-gatherer would have called windows. It was worth sleeping in that dim vault, to appreciate the sensation which followed as I flung open the door and stood in the glow and freshness of the Syrian morning.

The group in the area of the house was picturesque. Two or three black grooms, with red "body-clothing," were rubbing down a couple of fine horses; a little knot of dusky boys, some of them naked, were standing or sprawling, playing some game with white stones, and showing their whiter teeth at every instant. On a dwarf wall on the sea side of the area sat a tall, handsome falconer, in white, with a red sash and cap, and on his wrist was perched one of the Emir's large hawks. There was a cluster of servants of all colors, crouching in the shade of an angle of the house, and smoking; and the whole court was studded with dogs of various kinds (chiefly rubbish); I counted sixteen. And as I came out, one of the trim pages of the Emir was standing on a high step, looking passively down upon the party. Nobody seemed to move as I came to my door, but in less than a minute a servant was by my side with a lighted pipe, and in five minutes more a huge circular tray, containing eight or nine different materials for a breakfast, was on its way to me across the court. The delicate sweetmeats which the hospitality of my pagan host sent me were perfect. Among them was a large saucer full of the favorite white elastic composition to which I have elsewhere adverted, and which is made of the inspissated juice of the grape; it is called *pekmez*. Subsequently, three of the hawks were brought for my inspection; they were beautiful birds, but I have seen finer in England. The hood and jesses were not models of the ornithological tailor's skill.

The Emir sent to ask me to stay all day and go hawking with him, but my engagements forbade this, and I went into the little room to thank him for his hospitality and say farewell. While smoking the last *chibouk*, a little scene occurred which may be worth remembering. A tolerably well-dressed, handsome man came in, very humbly, and with many signs of humiliation implored some favor of the Emir, which the latter utterly refused to grant, waving off the petitioner, and resuming his conversation with me. But oriental beggars are not to be put off in this manner, nor will they take "No," for an answer. The petitioner withdrew as far as the door, and seemed to be waiting the turn of the market. He would not interrupt us, but stood fidgeting, rubbing his shoulders against the door-posts, and keeping an imploring face ready, in case the Emir should look his way. As soon as there was a pause he came forward again, shed a few tears in the middle of the room, and crouched down, trying to get at a corner of the Emir's robe, to put it to his lips; but the latter dashed it from his hands, just as King Richard III. acts when the Duke of Buckingham asks him for the "movables." Again defeated, the poor man drew off, and rubbed himself against the door a little more, when a bright idea seemed to occur to him. He slunk away, but presently returned with one of the Emir's servants—a cook, I believe—whom he rather pushed forward into the room, and was obviously making him petition in

his favor. The great man listened to the advocate with much attention, and then said something which implied that the request was granted. Instantly the original petitioner sprang forward, threw himself on his knees beside the divan, "grabbed" the dark hand of the Emir, despite his attempting to keep it to himself, fiddled it, moaned over it, kissed it and the robe, and I think the divan itself, and then slowly retired, looking fondly round, as if he could hardly prevent himself from coming back to repeat the same affectionate antics. He vanished at last, and, of course, I could not with propriety ask the Emir what he had done, but I concluded that he had either given a slave his freedom, or consented to his marriage with the idol of his heart, or some such matter, which might extenuate such exuberant demonstrations. It was not until I got into the court that I learned the truth. The man was an *architect*, and the Emir had expressed dissatisfaction at the way some dilapidations were being repaired, and had threatened to take away the job from him; but, upon his agonized entreaty, had consented to let him carry out his "specification," and pocket his commission. I thought of Mr. Barry, defying the three estates of the realm, and insisting on building their houses his own way; and I felt proud that I was the native of a land where architects comprehend self-assertion.

As regards these Druses, I mentioned in an earlier letter that there is considerable mystery about their religion, and that the "Insane Hakim, Calif of Egypt," is generally understood to be the secret object of their devotion. You hear a different story about them from everybody you question, and, for themselves, they refuse to answer interpellations on the subject. There are writers who state that the Druses are devil-worshippers, but this, except in the sense in which all idolaters may be said to be so, appears an unfounded charge. It is stated, too, that they worship in secret the image of a golden calf, and that the conclusion of the ceremonial (which chiefly consists in the most lowly and frequent genuflections and prostrations) is followed by the most licentious orgies. Another account asserts that they have an exceedingly hideous idol, with legs covered with hair, who is usually kept in a sepulchre; but that on certain days of "the dark side of the moon" this deity is disinterred, and taken to be adored in a lonely place with sacrifices too loathsome to be even hinted at. It is difficult, of course, to offer an opinion upon the subject; but, from my conversation with Europeans who had resided many years in Syria, I am inclined to think that many of the practices alleged to be those of the Druses are obsolete, and that the tenet of their creed to which they cling with most obstinacy, is that which tells them to detest the other religions of their country. Of their hospitality I can give personal account, and travellers concur in giving a good report of Druse honesty in transactions of business. Of course, in war time everything like an engagement is lost sight of by the oriental; but herein the Druses are no worse than their neighbors. In point of private morals they are, I believe, quite as bad as the Mohammedans, and this is as much as need be said upon that point.

A short ride over the red sandy soil I have alluded to in an earlier letter, and along lanes sentinelled with olive trees, (their bitter black fruit hanging down at your lips,) and guarded by stiff rows of the prickly pear, which is abundant here, and I was again in the little French hotel in Beirut, after many a hard day's journey; the vestiges of which expedition I duly got rid of, an hour afterwards, in a Turkish bath, where I was boiled, cracked, lathered, and smoked, in all the order of the appalling ceremony, which, as every traveller makes a point of describing it as minutely as if it were some newly discovered and valuable surgical operation, I will pass without further record. In my next letter I propose to deal with results.

From the Dublin U. Magazine.

THE LATE ELIOT WarBURTON.

WITH sorrow of heart we take up our pen to record the death of Eliot Warburton. Every one who reads these pages is aware, we doubt not, of the disastrous circumstances under which this event occurred. We have no wish to open afresh wounds so recently closed, and inflict upon the public a recapitulation of the horrors connected with it. Indeed, we have nothing to tell. Affection, grief, and curiosity have alike failed to elicit a single particular bearing upon the fate of our unhappy countryman, beyond the simple fact of his having been seen on board the Amazon at the last moment. In all human probability, nothing further will ever be discovered. He is gone; but it is our consolation that we can turn our eyes from an unknown death to a conspicuous life. These few lines—all we have at our disposal—are devoted to his memory: for we owe it as well to our readers as to ourselves to offer a slight tribute to the worth of one who, as an Irishman, was a credit to the literature of his country, and, as a contributor to this Magazine, commenced that career of authorship which he so successfully prosecuted till the close of his life.

It was during an extended tour in the Mediterranean, about ten years ago, that Mr. Warburton sent some sheets of manuscript notes to Mr. Lever, at that time editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*. These at once caught that gentleman's attention, and he gladly gave them publicity, under the title of "Episodes of Eastern Travel," in successive numbers of the Magazine,* where they were universally admired for the grace and liveliness of their style. Mr. Lever, however, soon saw that though for the purposes of his periodical these papers were extremely valuable, the author was not consulting his own best interests by continuing to give his travels to the world in that form; and, with generous disinterestedness, advised him to collect what he had already published, add the remainder of his notes, and make a book of the whole. Mr. Warburton followed his advice, entered into terms with Mr. Colburn, and published his travels under the title of "The Crescent and the Cross."

Of this book it is needless for us to speak. In spite of the formidable rivalry of an *Æthien*, which appeared about the same time, it sprang at once into public favor, and is one of the very few books of modern travels of which the sale has continued uninterrupted through successive editions to the present time. Were we to pronounce upon the secret of its success, we should lay it to its perfect *right-mindedness*. A changeful truth, a versatile propriety of feeling, initiates the author, as it were, into the heart of each successive subject; and we find him as profoundly impressed with the genius of the Holy Land, as he is steeped, in the proper place, in the slumberous influences of the dreamy Nile, upon whose bosom he rocks his readers into a trance, to be awakened only by the gladsome originality of those melodies which come mirthfully on their ears from either bank. And, we may observe in passing, it is precisely the want of this, which prevents the indisputable power and grace of "Æthien" from having their full effect with the public. Passages of beauty, almost of sublimity, stand isolated from our sympathies by the interposed cynicism of a few caustic remarks; and scenes of the world's most ancient reverence and worship become needlessly disenchanted under the spell of some sceptical sneer.

But we must not turn aside to criticize. Since the publication of the "Crescent and the Cross," Mr. Warburton has written, or edited, a number of works, some historical, others of fiction, of which his last romance, "Darren," only appeared as he was on the eve of departing on the fatal voyage. It has been remarked as a singular circumstance, that in this tale

* See *Dublin University Magazine*, Vols. XXII., XXIII.

he has prefigured his own fate. A burning ship is described in terms which would have served as a picture of the frightful reality he was himself doomed to witness. The coincidence, casual as it is, has imparted a melancholy interest to that story, which will long be wept over as the parting and presaging legacy of a gifted spirit, prematurely snatched away.

These lighter effusions most probably grew out of the craving of the publishers for the *prestige* of his name, already found to be valuable even on title-pages; and the ready market they commanded could not but prove an incitement to continue and multiply them. This might be considered in an ulterior sense unfortunate; for we are inclined to think that the true bent of Mr. Warburton's mind, if not of his talents, was towards graver and less imaginative studies; and we know that this propensity was growing upon him with maturer years and soberer reflection.

It is not exclusively from the bearing of his researches and the general drift of his correspondence that we infer this; though both set latterly in that direction. He had for some time been actually at work with definite objects in view. One subject which he took up warmly was a *British History of Ireland*. That is, a history intended to deal impartial justice between the Irish people on the one side, and the British empire on the other; reviewing the politics of successive periods, neither from the Irish nor the English side of the question, but with reference to the general interests of the whole. The task would have proved an arduous one, under any circumstances—perhaps an invidious one; but, what was worse, even when accomplished, the book might have turned out a dull affair. So, with a view to lightening the reading, he had proposed to embody with it memoirs of the Viceroy, thus keeping the British connexion prominent, while enlivening the pages with biographical touches.

Acting on these ideas, he had actually begun a "History of the Viceroy" in conjunction with a literary friend, and was only deterred from prosecuting it by the apathy, or rather discouragement, of the London publishers, who felt no inclination to venture upon an Irish historical speculation. Unfortunately, neither he nor his friend could afford to pursue the task gratuitously, and it was accordingly abandoned.

Still later, he employed himself in collecting materials for a History of the Poor—a vast theme; perhaps too vast for a single intellect to grasp. To him, however, it was a labor of love; and he had succeeded in getting together a considerable mass of curious and valuable material *pour servir*. His last visit to his native country had researches of this nature for one of its objects; and we are sure many persons connected with the charitable institutions of Dublin will recollect the persevering zeal with which he visited the haunts of poverty, as well as the asylums for his relief, noting down everything which might prove afterwards serviceable on that suggestive topic.

With an upwelling of philanthropy so pure and perennial as this, the preliminary investigations could have been only a delight to him. Other men might be forced to them as a revolting duty; he chose the inquiry, with very dubious hopes of bettering himself by prosecuting it, because his heart was full of compassion, and he thought he might do good. We repeat, what we can state from personal knowledge, that the bent of Mr. Warburton's mind was latterly towards works of general utility; and it is with satisfaction we learn, what we had not been aware of until the public papers announced it, that his projected visit to the New World was a mission, in which the interests of humanity were to have in him an advocate and champion.

Into his private life we feel that, under present circumstances, it would be indelicate, as well as out of place, to enter. Surrounded as he was with all the

blessings which the domestic relations can bestow, beloved by his intimates, caressed by the gifted and the good, Eliot Warburton lived the centre of a radiating circle of happiness. His personal qualities were of no common order. His society was eagerly sought after. With a fastidious lassitude of air, and an apparent disinclination to exertion, he possessed remarkable force of thought and fluency of diction; and it was no uncommon thing to see him, when he had begun to relate passages from his experiences in foreign countries, or adventures in his own, the centre of a gradually increasing audience, amidst which he sat, improvising a sort of romantic recitation, until he was completely carried away on the current of his own eloquence, and lost every sense of where he was or what he was doing, in the enthusiasm he had fanned up and saw reflected around him. This power was a peculiar gift; and he loved to exercise it. In this form many of his happiest effusions have been given utterance to; and everybody who has heard him at such inspired moments has felt regret that the brilliant bursts which so delighted him, should have been stamped upon no more retentive tablets than the ears of ordinary listeners.

Of this amiable, refined, and gifted individual we are afraid to speak as warmly as our heart would dictate. Before us lie the few hasty lines—but not too hurried to be the channel of a parting kindness—scrawled to us on the first day of this year—the last day the writer was ever to pass in England. They are, perhaps, amongst the latest words he ever wrote. "I am off," they run, "for the West Indies to-morrow. But I have accomplished your affair." O, vanity of human purpose! Man proposes—God disposes. We were next to hear of him, standing on the deck of the burning vessel in the Atlantic, alone with the captain, after every other soul had disappeared, surveying—we feel convinced, with the courage of a lion—the awful two-fold death close before him, and which he had in all probability deliberately preferred to an early relinquishment of his companions to their fate. It is a fine picture—one that shall ever hang framed with his image in our memory; helping us to believe that

—Lycidas our sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor,

but that he hath mounted to a higher sphere—

Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves.

THE foreign journals announce two works of considerable interest as being in course of preparation for the press—the Memoirs of General Cavaignac and a new work by the author of "The Amber Witch." Cavaignac is stated by the *Moniteur Parisien* to be employing the leisure of his voluntary exile, in writing his own memoirs. This may be one of the mere rumors which float idly about in an age of interrupted sequence and disturbed action; but should it prove true, the public may hope for a curious and exciting narrative from the hero of June. Godfrey Cavaignac, his brother, was one of the wittiest and sternest of republican writers under Louis Philippe—and his own avowed opinions were the cause of much suspicion to the government, though his brilliant exploits in Algiers rendered it impossible to keep him down. Of course, however, the chief interest of his memoirs would centre in the pages devoted to his share in events subsequent to 1848. The German papers say that Dr. Meinhold has left among his papers an unfinished manuscript, entitled "Hagar and the Reformation," which, they add, is now in an editor's hands, and will be shortly given to the public.

From the Athenæum.

Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Three vols. Bentley.

No biography of a woman comparable to this in interest has reached us from the other side of the Atlantic. Yet, its faults of execution are countless—and the opportunities afforded to those whose sense of the ridiculous is strong are very frequent. Mr. Channing's share of the work is written in that inflated and entangled style unhappily becoming generic in America—compared with which the second-hand Johnsonisms of Miss Seward and Madame d'Arbly are simple, readable English. The memorialists of Margaret Fuller, too, singly and collectively, have absolved themselves from continuous detail and intelligible explanation in narrating her life—thus investing the subject of their labors with a mystery which, however sublime to the initiated, will seem to the generality of readers tawdry, whimsical, and injurious to the cause which it was meant to magnify.

Notwithstanding all these qualifying circumstances, however, we repeat that these volumes will have no common interest for all who will approach them with patience and charity. Not only do they contain a curious contribution to the history of taste and opinion in America—they offer also a precious addition to the gallery of those eccentric and poetical persons whose incompleteness is as glaring as their aspiration is lofty—whose notoriety among a few bears no proportion to their influence on the many—who have hoped and dreamed, lived and died, without ever coming to an agreement with themselves—who have draped themselves, as it were, for intellectual monarchy without having ever settled, or even inquired, what manner of people they were to reign over or by what code of laws they were to govern. In her own sphere, Margaret Fuller appears to have produced an impression as strong as, in her time and place, was produced by the gifted Jewess Rahel Levin, of Berlin;—but, as in Rahel's case, the utterances of her power, and persuasion, and passion, when published, seem crude, constrained, confused; and in but a very limited degree to justify the social reputation and personal devotion commanded by the deceased.

Margaret Fuller was born at Cambridge-Port, Massachusetts, in 1810. Her father was a lawyer and politician;—a man of more energy, it may be inferred, than discrimination—since, early becoming aware of the remarkable capacity of his little daughter, he not only educated her himself, as a boy rather than as a girl, but in place of feeding—cramped her with learning, early and late, in season and out of season. By this mistaken discipline, Margaret's health was impaired for life. She became nervous, and a somnambulist at night—and by day, offensively assuming and pedantic. Even during childhood she put forth her pretensions to a superiority not more openly asserted by herself than awarded by her contemporaries. Like "Adonijah, the son of Haggith," when he wished to exalt himself, this loud, near-sighted, awkward, satirical American girl said to herself—"I will be queen!"—and, like the Jewish pretender, she seems to have had small difficulty in finding "fifty men to run before her." In some of the earliest pages of this book we find her corresponding in a tone of the most oracular sagacity, not excluding manifestations of real poetry and eloquence, with men and students—described as claiming and ac-

quiring friendships on her own terms—giving her whole confidence to no one, yet winning from every one his secret—devouring abstruse and graceful and philosophical knowledge—and using the same "from hand to mouth," in the very moment of acquisition—as though to devour and to digest were one and the same thing. It is noticeable, however, as a phenomenon rare in the history of eccentric female genius, that Margaret Fuller never stood aloof from or kept at distance her own sex. On being sent to a girls' school, she endured bitter sufferings, we are told, when the other girls mocked at her because of a whim that she took to wear rouge. After she left school, we find her fondly corresponding with her governess on her pursuits, though they were nothing slighter than the readings of Madame de Staël, Epictetus, Milton, Racine, Castilian ballads, Berni, Locke, and Russell's tour in Germany—the last book welcome, she says, as containing "intelligent and detailed accounts of the German universities, Viennese court, secret associations, Plica Polonica, and other interesting matters." She was always careful of her dress and appearance—and by no means, as Mr. Greeley's notes assure us, disposed to waive her rights to deferential entertainment as a woman, even while she published herself as foremost among the emancipating sisterhood. In addition to the topics of pursuit already indicated, Margaret Fuller early attached herself to German transcendentalism—became a deep lover of German literature—sat in judgment on Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul, Bettine, and Gunderode—and rhapsodized about Beethoven. She was a passionate student of music;—she did her utmost also to enter into the poetry of the painter's art, by the study of books, engravings, and such specimens as were accessible. In brief, our heroine appears to have acted up to the principle announced among her confessions, when she says—"Very early I knew that the only object in life was to grow." Yet, all her more solid acquirements—all her keenness of sarcasm and the shrewd insight into character which we are assured that she possessed—all her "commercing" with noble hopes and lofty purposes, could not, it seems, save her from those toyings with superstition which are properly the occupation of the silly and the sentimental. Mr. Emerson gravely tells us that—

She had a taste for gems, ciphers, talismans, omens, coincidences, and birthdays. She had a special love for the planet Jupiter, and a belief that the month of September was inauspicious to her. She never forgot that her name, Margarita, signified a pearl. "When I first met with the name Leila," she said, "I knew, from the very look and sound, it was mine; I knew that it meant night—night, which brings out stars, as sorrow brings out truths." Sortilege she valued. She tried *sortes biblica*, and her hits were memorable. I think each new book which interested her, she was disposed to put to this test, and know if it had somewhat personal to say to her. As happens to such persons, these guesses were justified by the event. She chose carbuncle for her own stone, and when a dear friend was to give her a gem, this was the one selected. She valued what she had somewhere read, that carbuncles are male and female. The female casts out light, the male has his within himself. "Mine," she said, "is the male."

Such were among the characteristics of this very singular girl and woman. Her singularities, however, played few fantastic tricks with her duties. On the sudden death of her father, she is described as taking a worthy part in counsel, in support, and

in self-sacrifice for the sake of her family. Her letters contain allusions to "very poor servants," and to "a great deal of needlework,"—as well as comments on the "perfect wisdom and merciless nature of Goethe,"—announcements of her translation of Tasso—and hints of her resolution "to examine thoroughly the evidences of the Christian religion."—

Difficulties and duties became distinct the very night after my father's death, and a solemn prayer was offered, then, that I might combine what is due to others with what is due to myself.

Accordingly, Margaret Fuller steadily refused to avail herself of any opportunity pressed on her to visit Europe, by way of completing her education. She went out as a teacher—postponing to the certain emoluments thus derived that undivided attention to authorship, which might have enabled her to do justice to her acquirements and her poetical aspirations. So far as we know her writings, they are feverish, entangled—bearing marks of indecision, haste, and inadequate utterance—rather the sketches of one who felt that life was a conflict, and fretted under its restraints, than the measured and matured labors of the artist who feels that only through labor, and sincerity to his own convictions, can he fitly present his thoughts and imaginings to the public.

If the above character be somewhat diffuse, the fault is in part that of Margaret Fuller's biographers—in part that of the restless complexity of her nature. Her great conversational fascination—in spite of such drawbacks as a loud nasal voice and an arrogant self-assertion, which were apt to drive strangers out of the room—is insisted on in almost every page of these volumes. In due course of time this brought her into American notoriety. She began not only to study character, but also to note it down with an unhesitating decision, as curious as it is edifying. The following is one of her dogmatic sketches:—

I went to hear Joseph John Gurney, one of the most distinguished and influential, it is said, of the English Quakers. He is a thick-set, beetle-browed man, with a well-to-do-in-the-world air of pious stolidity. I was grievously disappointed; for Quakerism has at times looked lovely to me, and I had expected at least a spiritual exposition of its doctrines from the brother of Mrs. Fry. But his manner was as wooden as his matter, and had no merit but that of distinct elocution. His sermon was a tissue of texts, ill selected, and worse patched together, in proof of the assertion that a belief in the Trinity is the one thing needful, and that reason, unless manacled by a creed, is the one thing dangerous. His figures were paltry, his thoughts narrowed down, and his very sincerity made corrupt by spiritual pride. One could not but pity his notions, of the Holy Ghost, and his bat-like fear of light. His Man-God seemed to be the keeper of a mad-house, rather than the informing Spirit of all spirits. After finishing his discourse, Mr. G. sang a prayer, in a tone of mingled shout and whine, and then requested his audience to sit awhile in devout meditation. For one, I passed the interval in praying for him, that the thick film of self-complacency might be removed from the eyes of his spirit, so that he might no more degrade religion.

There was bravery, as well as bitterness, however, in Margaret Fuller's honesty. She formed a close friendship with Miss Martineau while that lady was in America, and expresses herself as having been much indebted to her sympathy.

After this, the letter which she wrote on receiving Miss Martineau's "Travels in America" will be owned to be uncommon in its tone:—

On its first appearance, the book was greeted by a volley of coarse and outrageous abuse, and the nine days' wonder was followed by a nine days' hue-and-cry. It was garbled, misrepresented, scandalously ill-treated. This was all of no consequence. The opinion of the majority you will find expressed in a late number of the "North American Review." I should think the article, though ungenerous, not more so than great part of the critiques upon your book. The minority may be divided into two classes; the one, consisting of those who knew you but slightly, either personally, or in your writings. These have now read your book; and, seeing in it your high ideal standard, genuine independence, noble tone of sentiment, vigor of mind and powers of picturesque description, they value your book very much, and rate you higher for it. The other comprises those who were previously aware of these high qualities, and who, seeing in a book to which they had looked for a lasting monument to your fame, a degree of presumptuousness, irreverence, inaccuracy, hasty generalization, and ultraism on many points, which they did not expect, lament the haste in which you have written, and the injustice which you have consequently done to so important a task, and to your own powers of being and doing. To this class I belong. * * When Harriet Martineau writes about America, I often cannot test that rashness and inaccuracy of which I hear so much, but I can feel that they exist. A want of soundness, of habits of patient investigation, of completeness, of arrangement, are felt throughout the book; and, for all its fine descriptions of scenery, breadth of reasoning, and generous daring, I cannot be happy in it, because it is not worthy of my friend, and I think a few months given to ripen it, to balance, compare, and mellow, would have made it so. * * I do not like that your book should be an abolition book. You might have borne your testimony as decidedly as you pleased; but why leaven the whole book with it? This subject haunts us on almost every page. It is a great subject, but your book had other purposes to fulfil.

As an illustration of Margaret Fuller, the above passages would be incomplete, were it not added that they were taken from her own journals, having been copied therein. She could not, it seems, be sincere without setting her sincerity in her own sight, and in the sight of those who might come after her, to admire at it.

The dash of *bravura* which pervaded all our heroine's sayings and doings appears to have a natural home—and it might almost be added, a necessary occupation, in American society. Very curious will it seem to many English persons to read that, after a time, Margaret Fuller was encouraged to turn her conversational reputation to account by organizing conversation classes for the ladies of Boston. On the 6th of November, 1839, we find that "twenty-five of the most agreeable and intelligent women to be found in Boston and in its neighborhood assembled at Miss Peabody's Rooms," to discuss all manner of high and recondite topics:—

The reporter closes her account by saying:—"Miss Fuller's thoughts were much illustrated, and all was said with the most captivating address and grace, and with beautiful modesty. The position in which she placed herself with respect to the rest, was entirely ladylike, and companionable. She told what she intended, the earnest purpose with which she came, and, with great tact, indicated the indiscretions that

might spoil the meeting. * * The first day's topic was, the genealogy of heaven and earth; then the Will (Jupiter); the Understanding (Mercury);—the second day's, the celestial inspiration of genius, perception, and transmission of divine law (Apollo); the terrene inspiration, the impassioned abandonment of genius (Bacchus). * * Under the head of Venus, in the fifth conversation, the story of Cupid and Psyche was told with fitting beauty, by Margaret; and many fine conjectural interpretations suggested from all parts of the room. The ninth conversation turned on the distinctive qualities of poetry, discriminating it from the other fine arts. Rhythm and Imagery, it was agreed, were distinctive. An episode to dancing, which the conversation took, led Miss Fuller to give the thought that lies at the bottom of different dances. Of her lively description the following record is preserved:—"Gavottes, shawl dances, and all of that kind, are intended merely to exhibit the figure in as many attitudes as possible. They have no character, and say nothing, except 'Look! how graceful I am!'" &c.

Open as are such exhibitions to the comments of the scorner—as substituting a strained, vague, and hectic enthusiasm for the honest love which patient study brings, and as pretending to mete out by line and rule those emotions, fancies, and sympathies which each man must generate, define, and feel for himself—their place gives them a significance entitling them to a word of remark. They are among the ever-recurring signs of the American's longing for the poetry of a past which must strike every one conversant with the American's objects of pursuit and manner of following them up. The craving of our Transatlantic friends for memorials and relics—their impatient desire to steep themselves in Art when they come to Europe, as if strong will could conjure up the moods of mind which grow out of centuries of civilization and fruits of experience—must be familiar to all who have mingled with the more accomplished class of American travellers. Unable to force Genius, whether in criticism or in creation—yet yearning with the thirst to learn and the appetite to appreciate—they have recourse to all kinds of empirical culture and solace;—not, we cordially believe, out of a vain desire to escape from due labor and preparation, so much as from a determination to feel, or fancy, for themselves and in their own life-time, the pleasures and sensations which can never be taken by force. Too self-conscious to—

Plant the slow olive for the race unborn—

too impatient to await the slow progress of intellectual development—their hurried enthusiasm—their grotesque lion-worship—their resolution to mine by the mere mechanical force of will into the depths of Poetry and Art—have a strange and pathetic earnestness which should make the most fastidious tolerant of their superficiality and indulgent towards their affectation. The real motive principle of the willingness of the Boston ladies to be lectured about Bacchus and his Pards, and to sit and be instructed concerning the fundamental idea of the Polka and the inner meaning of the *valse à Deux Temps*, however absurd it may seem, is yet deserving of sympathy—and, wherever that can be given, of aid.

Before the conversational classes were undertaken, Margaret Fuller had made herself a certain reputation as an essayist and a translator;—the most important work published by her in the latter character being her version of "Eckermann's Con-

versations with Goethe"—of which, it will be recollected, Mr. Oxenford largely availed himself in his more recent publication. A few years of Boston life, spent in talking, teaching, writing, and assisting her family, were found more than enough by one whose spirit was never at rest; and, in 1844, Margaret removed to New York to assist Mr. Horace Greeley in his transcendental journal, the *New York Tribune*. As we advance with her in her career, we find symptoms of her mind clearing itself. Her letters and journals become more and more simple, truthful, and graphic:—as the following brief notice of her habitation with the Greeleys will illustrate:—

This place is to me entirely charming; it is so completely in the country, and all around is so bold and free. It is two miles or more from the thickly settled parts of New York, but omnibuses and cars give me constant access to the city, and, while I can readily see what and whom I will, I can command time and retirement. Stopping on the Harlem road, you enter a lane nearly a quarter of a mile long, and going by a small brook and pond that locks in the place, and ascending a slightly rising ground, get sight of the house, which, old-fashioned, and of mellow tint, fronts on a flower-garden filled with shrubs, large vines, and trim box borders. On both sides of the house are beautiful trees, standing fair, full-grown, and clear. Passing through a wide hall, you come out upon a piazza, stretching the whole length of the house, where one can walk in all weathers; and thence by a step or two, on a lawn, with picturesque masses of rocks, shrubs, and trees overlooking the East River. Gravel paths lead, by several turns, down the steep bank to the water's edge, where round the rocky point a small bay curves in which boats are lying. And, owing to the currents, and the set of the tide, the sails glide sidelong, seeming to greet the house as they sweep by.

We also find evidences of the improved power which belongs to increased self-knowledge in the fragments from her journals written on her arrival in Europe. Take, as an example, the following pen-and-ink sketch:—

Of the people I saw in London, you will wish me to speak first of the Carlyles. Mr. C. came to see me at once, and appointed an evening to be passed at their house. That first time I was delighted with him. He was in a very sweet humor—full of wit and pathos, without being overbearing or oppressive. I was quite carried away with the rich flow of his discourse; and the hearty, noble earnestness of his personal being brought back the charm which once was upon his writing, before I wearied of it. I admired his Scotch, his way of singing his great full sentences, so that each one was like the stanza of a narrative ballad. He let me talk, now and then, enough to free my lungs and change my position, so that I did not get tired. That evening, he talked of the present state of things in England, giving light, witty sketches of the men of the day, fanatics and others, and some sweet, homely stories he told of things he had known of the Scotch peasantry. Of you he spoke with hearty kindness; and he told, with beautiful feeling, a story of some poor farmer, or artisan, in the country, who on Sundays lays aside the cark and care of that dirty English world, and sits reading the *Essays*, and looking upon the sea. I left him that night, intending to go out very often to their house. I assure you there never was anything so witty as Carlyle's description of ——. It was enough to kill one with laughing. I, on my side, contributed a story to his fund of anecdote on this subject, and it was fully appreciated. Carlyle is worth a thousand of you for that; he is not ashamed to laugh, when he is amused, but

goes on in a cordial human fashion. The second time, Mr. C. had a dinner-party, at which was a witty, French, flippant sort of man, author of a History of Philosophy, and now writing a life of Goethe, a task for which he must be as unfit as irreligion and sparkling shallowness can make him. But he told stories admirably, and was allowed sometimes to interrupt Carlyle a little, of which one was glad, for that night he was in his more acrid mood; and, though much more brilliant than on the former evening, grew wearisome to me, who disclaimed and rejected almost everything he said. For a couple of hours he was talking about poetry, and the whole harangue was one eloquent proclamation of the defects in his own mind. Tennyson wrote in verse because the schoolmasters had taught him that it was great to do so, and has thus, unfortunately, been turned from the true path for a man. Burns had, in like manner, been turned from his vocation. Shakspeare had not had the good sense to see that it would have been better to write straight on in prose;—and such nonsense, which, though amusing enough at first, he ran to death after a while. The most amusing part is always when he comes back to some refrain, as in the French Revolution of the *sea-green*. In this instance, it was Petrarch and *Laura*, the last word pronounced with his ineffable sarcasm of drawl. Although he said this over fifty times, I could not ever help laughing when *Laura* would come; Carlyle running his chin out, when he spoke it, and his eyes glancing till they looked like the eyes and beak of a bird of prey. Poor *Laura*! Lucky for her that her poet had already got her safely canonized beyond the reach of this Teufelsdröckh vulture. The worst of hearing Carlyle is that you cannot interrupt him. I understand the habit and power of haranguing have increased very much upon him, so that you are a perfect prisoner when he has once got hold of you. To interrupt him is a physical impossibility. If you get a chance to remonstrate for a moment, he raises his voice and bears you down.

Such a host as is here described must have been found weighty to manage and difficult of enjoyment by one who in her own circles had been accustomed to lead and apportion the dialogue of the hour—herself enjoying the formidable repute of “a tremendous converser.” But Margaret Fuller’s admiration of her idols seems almost to have risen to the height of her admiration of herself. In Paris, her first desire was to see and be seen by the

Large-brained woman and large-hearted man,
as Mrs. Browning has called Madame Dudevant.

[The letter as copied into the *Athenæum* does not contain the parts which we have placed in brackets. Perhaps they are not in the English edition. We have printed it from the American edition, as it may be thought to throw an important light, not merely on the opinions of the writer, but also on some of the social systems of many living and influential writers, who have followed Fourier—and so, of course only in *theory*, have left the ordinary family system.—*Living Age*.]

TO E. H.

Paris, Jan. 18, 1847, and Naples, March 17, 1847.

[You wished to hear of George Sand, or, as they say in Paris, “Madame Sand.” I find that all we had heard of her was true in the outline; I had supposed it might be exaggerated. She had every reason to leave her husband—a stupid, brutal man, who insulted and neglected her. He afterwards gave up their child to her for a sum of money. But the love for which she left him lasted not well, and she has had a series of lovers, and I am told has one now,

with whom she lives on the footing of combined means, independent friendship! But she takes rank in society like a man, for the weight of her thoughts, and has just given her daughter in marriage. Her son is a grown-up young man, an artist. Many women visit her, and esteem it an honor. Even an American here, and with the feelings of our country on such subjects, Mrs. ———, thinks of her with high esteem. She has broken with La Mennais, of whom she was once a disciple.

I observed to Dr. Francois, who is an intimate of hers, and loves and admires her, that it did not seem a good sign that she breaks with her friends. He said it was not so with her early friends; that she has chosen to buy a chateau in the region where she passed her childhood, and that the people there love and have always loved her dearly. She is now at the chateau, and, I begin to fear, will not come to town before I go. Since I came, I have read two charming stories recently written by her. Another longer one she has just sold to *La Presse* for fifteen thousand francs. She does not receive nearly as much for her writings as Balzac, Dumas, or Sue. She has a much greater influence than they, but a less circulation.

She stays at the chateau, because the poor people there were suffering so much, and she could help them. She has subscribed twenty thousand francs for their relief, in the scarcity of the winter. It is a great deal to earn by one’s pen; a novel of several volumes sold for only fifteen thousand francs, as I mentioned before.

At last, however, she came; and I went to see her at her house, Place d’Orleans. I found it a handsome modern residence. She had not answered my letter, written about a week before, and I felt a little anxious lest she should not receive me; for she is too much the mark of impertinent curiosity, as well as too busy, to be easily accessible to strangers. I am by no means timid, but I have suffered, for the first time in France, some of the torments of *mauvaise honte*, enough to see what they must be to many.

It is the custom to go and call on those to whom you bring letters, and push yourself upon their notice; thus you must go quite ignorant whether they are disposed to be cordial. My name is always murdered by the foreign servants who announce me. I speak very bad French; only lately have I had sufficient command of it to infuse some of my natural spirit in my discourse. This has been a great trial to me, who am eloquent and free in my own tongue, to be forced to feel my thoughts struggling in vain for utterance.

The servant who admitted me was in the picturesque costume of a peasant, and, as Madame Sand afterward told me, her god-daughter whom she had brought from her province. She announced me as “Madame Salere,” and returned into the ante-room to tell me, “Madame says she does not know you.” I began to think I was doomed to a rebuff, among the crowd who deserve it. However, to make assurance sure, I said, “Ask if she has not received a letter from me.” As I spoke, Madame S. opened the door, and stood looking at me an instant. Our eyes met. I never shall forget her look at that moment. The doorway made a frame for her figure; she is large, but well-formed. She was dressed in a robe of dark violet silk, with a black mantle on her shoulders, her beautiful hair dressed with the greatest taste, her whole appearance and attitude, in its simple and ladylike dignity, presenting an almost ludicrous contrast to the vulgar caricature idea of George Sand. Her face is a very little like the portraits, but much finer; the upper part of the forehead and eyes are beautiful, the lower, strong and masculine, expressive of a hardy temperament and strong passions, but not in the least coarse; the complexion olive, and the air of the whole head Spanish; (as, indeed, she was born at Madrid, and is only on one side of French blood.) All these details I saw at a glance; but what fixed my attention

was the expression of *goodness*, nobleness, and power, that pervaded the whole—the truly human heart and nature that shone in the eyes. As our eyes met, she said, "*C'est vous*," and held out her hand. I took it, and went into her little study; we sat down a moment, then I said, "*Il me fait de bien de vous voir*," and I am sure I said it with my whole heart, for it made me very happy to see such a woman, so large and so developed a character, and everything that is good in it so *really* good. I loved, shall always love her.

She looked away, and said, "*Ah! vous m'avez écrit une lettre charmante*." This was all the preliminary of our talk, which then went on as if we had always known one another. She told me, before I went away, that she was going that very day to write to me; that when the servant announced me she did not recognize the name, but after a minute it struck her that it might be La dame Americaine, as the foreigners very commonly call me, for they find my name hard to remember. She was very much pressed for time, as she was then preparing copy for the printer, and, having just returned, there were many applications to see her, but she wanted me to stay then, saying, "It is better to throw things aside, and seize the present moment." I staid a good part of the day, and was very glad afterwards, for I did not see her again uninterrupted. Another day I was there, and saw her in her circle. Her daughter and another lady were present, and a number of gentlemen. Her position there was of an intellectual woman and a good friend—the same as my own in the circle of my acquaintance as distinguished from my intimates. Her daughter is just about to be married. It is said, there is no congeniality between her and her mother, but for her son she seems to have much love, and he loves and admires her extremely. I understand he has a good and free character, without conspicuous talent.

Her way of talking is just like her writing—lively, picturesque, with an undertone of deep feeling, and the same skill in striking the nail on the head every now and then, with a blow.

[We did not talk at all of personal or private matters. I saw, as one sees in her writings, the want of an independent, interior life, but I did not feel it as a fault, there is so much in her of her kind. I heartily enjoyed the sense of so rich, so prolific, so ardent a genius. I liked the woman in her, too, very much; I never liked a woman better.

For the rest I do not care to write about it much, for I cannot, in the room and time I have to spend, express my thoughts as I would, but as near as I can express the sum total, it is this. S—— and others who admire her, are anxious to make a fancy-picture of her, and represent her as a Helena in the Seven Chords of the Lyre; all whose mistakes are the fault of the present state of society. But to me the truth seems to be this. She has that purity in her soul, for she knows well how to love and prize its beauty; but she herself is quite another sort of person. She needs no defence, but only to be understood, for she has bravely acted out her nature, and always with good intentions. She might have loved one man permanently, if she could have found one contemporary with her who could interest and command her throughout her range; but there was hardly a possibility of that, for such a person. Thus she has naturally changed the objects of her affection, and several times. Also, there may have been something of the Bacchante in her life, and of the love of night and storm, and the free raptures amid which roamed on the mountain-tops the followers of Cybele the great goddess, the great mother. But she was never coarse, never gross, and I am sure her generous heart has not failed to draw some rich drops from every kind of wine-press. When she has done with an intimacy, she likes to break it off suddenly, and this has happened often, both with men

and women. Many calumnies upon her are traceable to this cause.]

I forgot to mention that, while talking, she does smoke all the time her little cigarette. This is now a common practice among ladies abroad, but I believe originated with her.

[For the rest, she holds her place in the literary and social world of France like a man, and seems full of energy and courage in it. I suppose she has suffered much, but she has also enjoyed and done much, and her expression is one of calmness and happiness. I was sorry to see her *exploitant* her talent so carelessly. She does too much, and this cannot last forever; but "*Teverino*" and the "*Mare au Diable*," which she has lately published, are as original, as masterly in truth, and as free in invention as anything she has done.

After I saw Chopin, not with her, although he lives with her, and has for the last twelve years. I went to see him in his room with one of his friends. He is always ill, and as frail as a snow-drop, but an exquisite genius. He played to me, and I like his talking scarcely less. Madame S. loved Liszt before him; she has thus been intimate with the two opposite sides of the musical world. Mickiewicz says, "Chopin talks with spirit, and gives us the Ariel view of the universe. Liszt is the eloquent *tribune* to the world of men, a little vulgar and showy certainly, but I like the *tribune* best." It is said here, that Madame S. has long had only a friendship for Chopin, who, perhaps, on his side prefers to be a lover, and a jealous lover; but she does not leave him, because he needs her care so much, when sick and suffering. About all this, I do not know; you cannot know much about anything in France, except when you see with your two eyes. Lying is ingrained in "*la grande nation*," as they so plainly show no less in literature than life.]

—The touch of complacent self-reference in the above passages is pleasantly characteristic.

Neither England nor France, however—though both seem to have at once awakened and more or less to have ballasted this wild, passionate, heaving mind—satisfied the American woman of genius. Her longing was for Italy—as though (to adopt the tone of her own fancies) she had known that the completion of her destiny awaited her there;—and to Italy she went from France.—The story of her sojourn there, of her singular and secret marriage, of her position and part during the days of the Triumvirate in Rome—of her home return, and the fearful catastrophe which closed her voyage—is so full of picturesque interest that we must return to this biography for further extract. Meanwhile, we cannot let the present notice go forth without stating that it very imperfectly represents the interest which we have found in these volumes—which must commend them to all such as delight in studying character.

[Second Notice.]

In order to study the American woman of genius in her right attitude, and under the true color which the vicissitudes of Southern adventure cast upon her characters and affections, the bystander must be reminded that from her childhood upwards Margaret Fuller had always fancied herself to be something distinguished for "tact and brilliancy,"—a creature born to reign—a genius that had not yet found its sphere. The following passage from her Journals is only one among hundreds having a like significance:—

A noble career is yet before me, if I can be unperturbed by cares. I have given almost all my young

energies to personal relations ; but, at present, I feel inclined to impel the general stream of thought. Let my nearest friends also wish that I should now take share in more public life.

Margaret Fuller's writings, as might be inferred from our remarks [*Athen. No. 999*] when some of the choicest portions were collected and published, bore, in their incompleteness, many signs of the "impediment" lamented above—many echoes of "pantings on the thorns of life," to use Shelley's eloquent metaphor. If the artist was so ill contented with her own productions, it seems, too, as if the woman's heart had been little better satisfied by a religious and energetic performance of her home duties. Long before Margaret Fuller undertook her European voyage, to feast on the society, literary sympathy, and art for which she pined, a cry like the following was registered among her breathings :—

With the intellect I always have, always shall, overcome ; but that is not the half of the work. The life, the life ! O, my God ! shall the life never be sweet ?

It is no wonder that Margaret Fuller found English domestic intercourse too restrained, and French *esprit* too insincere, to content cravings so warm, so vague, and so vast as hers. There is an age of body, a mood of mind, a phase of cultivation—we have again and again had occasion to observe—to which Italy offers precisely that mixture of climate and of company, of rest and of excitement, of *dolce far niente* and of noble recollections and fervent admiration, which are to be found nowhere else. Later, perchance, the pilgrim may come to feel its beauty and emotion insufficient to satisfy a mind longing for truth, manhood, and self-sacrifice :—but this sense of insufficiency (if so it be) will be credited to no hearsay evidence.

For awhile Margaret Fuller travelled in company with an American family, and found herself at home and at ease in Italy. Of this more than one passage from her Journals give ample proof.—

Milan, Aug. 10, 1847.—Since writing you from Florence, (says she, addressing Mr. Emerson,) I have passed the mountains ; two full, rich days at Bologna ; one at Ravenna ; more than a fortnight at Venice, intoxicated with the place, and with Venetian art, only to be really felt and known in its birth-place. I have passed some hours at Vicenza, seeing mainly the Palladian structures ; a day at Verona—a week had been better ; seen Mantua, with great delight ; several days in Lago di Gardi—truly happy days there ; then, to Brescia, where I saw the Titians, the exquisite Raphael, the Scavi, and the Brescian Hills. I could charm you by pictures, had I time. To-day, for the first time, I have seen Manzoni. Manzoni has spiritual efficacy in his looks ; his eyes glow still with delicate tenderness, as when he first saw Lucia, or felt them fill at the image of Father Christoforo. His manners are very engaging, frank, expansive ; every word betokens the habitual elevation of his thoughts ; and (what you care for so much) he says distinct good things ; but you must not expect me to note them down. He lives in the house of his fathers, in the simplest manner. He has taken the liberty to marry a new wife for his own pleasure and companionship, and the people around him do not like it, because she does not, to their fancy, make a good pendant to him. But I liked her very well, and saw why he married her. They asked me to return often, if I pleased, and I mean to go once or twice, for Manzoni seems to like to talk with me.

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At Rome began the romance of Margaret Fuller's life :—which we must unthread and arrange as concisely as we can from the unmethodical records and rhapsodies before us :—

She went to hear vespers, the evening of "Holy Thursday," soon after her first coming to Rome, in the spring of 1847, at St. Peter's. She proposed to her companions that some place in the church should be designated, where, after the services, they should meet—she being inclined, as was her custom always in St. Peter's, to wander alone among the different chapels. When, at length, she saw that the crowd was dispersing, she returned to the place assigned, but could not find her party. In some perplexity, she walked about, with her glass carefully examining each group. Presently, a young man of gentlemanly address came up to her, and begged, if she were seeking any one, that he might be permitted to assist her ; and together they continued the search through all parts of the church. At last, it became evident, beyond a doubt, that her party could no longer be there, and, as it was then quite late, the crowd all gone, they went out into the piazza to find a carriage, in which she might go home. In the piazza, in front of St. Peter's generally may be found many carriages ; but, owing to the delay they had made, there were then none, and Margaret was compelled to walk with her stranger friend, the long distance between the Vatican and the Corso. At this time, she had little command of the language for conversational purposes, and their words were few, though enough to create in each a desire for further knowledge and acquaintance. At her door, they parted, and Margaret, finding her friends already at home, related the adventure. This chance meeting at vesper service in St. Peter's prepared the way for many interviews ; and it was before Margaret's departure for Venice, Milan, and Como, that Ossoli first offered her his hand and was refused.

"Our meeting," writes Margaret, in another page—

was singular—fateful, I may say. Very soon he offered me his hand through life, but I never dreamed I should take it. I loved him, and felt very unhappy to leave him ; but the connexion seemed so every way unfit, I did not hesitate a moment. He, however, thought I should return to him, as I did.

The spell of Italy was too strong upon the wanderer. When her American friends began to turn homewards, she thought of Rome ; and, breaking away from their company, returned alone to the Eternal City, there to pass the winter (so she wrote home) "quite by herself." When in London, she had made acquaintance with Signor Mazzini—adopted his hopes and aspirations regarding Italian politics—and, it appears, accepted confidences and commissions from him. At an early stage of her acquaintance with the Marquis Ossoli, she discovered in him signs of the true liberal faith—which wanted only encouraging and confirming. His family are noble :—some of its members at that time held occupations of trust and honor in the papal government and household. Thus, not merely the vows of love, but also the sympathies of patriotism betwixt the Italian gentleman and the American lady, must needs be nourished and exchanged in secret. Such a position, however, seems to have satisfied every aspiration and occupied every faculty of our passionate pilgrim. Yet, it may throw light upon other heart-histories besides Margaret Fuller's if it be told that, except his sweetness of nature and singleness of purpose, the husband of her choice seems to have had few qualities calculated to recom-

mend him to one so experienced, so exacting, and so variously gifted as she was. The Marquis Ossoli is thus described by his wife, when, after long concealment, she wrote to her mother the tidings of her marriage:—

He is not in any respect such a person as people in general would expect to find with me. He had no instructor except an old priest, who entirely neglected his education; and of all that is contained in books he is absolutely ignorant, and he has no enthusiasm of character. On the other hand, he has excellent practical sense; has been a judicious observer of all that passed before his eyes; has a nice sense of duty, which, in its unflinching, minute activity, may put most enthusiasts to shame; a very sweet temper, and great native refinement. His love for me has been unswerving and most tender. I have never suffered a pain that he could relieve. His devotion, when I am ill, is to be compared only with yours. His delicacy in trifles, his sweet domestic graces, remind me of E—. In him I have found a home, and one that interferes with no tie. Amid many ills and cares, we have had much joy together, in the sympathy with natural beauty—with our child—with all that is innocent and sweet. I do not know whether he will always love me so well, for I am the elder, and the difference will become, in a few years, more perceptible than now. But life is so uncertain, and it is so necessary to take good things with their limitations, that I have not thought it worth while to calculate too curiously.

With homely and unintellectual graces like the above (supposing them to exist in all the fulness wherewith they were credited by affection) had the exigent, enthusiastic, over-cultivated woman learned to content herself! For their sake, she was willing to embrace uncertain fortunes, perplexity—ill report, possibly—without any chance of gaining future distinction or competence through her husband's character or position much more real than the *mirage*. Under the following circumstances was the knot tied:—

They were married [writes a friend to whom the secret was confided] in December [1847], soon after—as I think, though I am not positive—the death of the old Marquis Ossoli. The estate he had left was undivided, and the two brothers, attached to the Papal household, were to be the executors. This patrimony was not large, but, when fairly divided, would bring to each a little property—an income sufficient, with economy, for life in Rome. Every one knows, that law is subject to ecclesiastical influence in Rome, and that marriage with a Protestant would be destructive to all prospects of favorable administration. And besides being of another religious faith, there was, in this case, the additional crime of having married a liberal—one who had publicly interested herself in radical views. Taking the two facts together, there was good reason to suppose, that, if the marriage were known, Ossoli must be a beggar, and a banished man, under the then existing government; while, by waiting a little, there was a chance—a fair one too—of an honorable post under the new government, whose formation every one was anticipating. Leaving Rome, too, at that time, was deserting the field wherein they might hope to work much good, and where they felt that they were needed. Ossoli's brothers had long before begun to look jealously upon him. Knowing his acquaintance with Margaret, they feared the influence she might exert over his mind in favor of liberal sentiments, and had not hesitated to threaten him with the Papal displeasure. * * Ossoli had the feeling, that, while his own sister and family could not be informed of his marriage, no others should know of it; and from day to day they hoped

on for the favorable change which should enable them to declare it. Their child was born; and, for his sake, in order to defend him, as Margaret said, from the stings of poverty, they were patient waiters for the restored law of the land. Margaret felt that she would, at any cost to herself, gladly secure for her child a condition above want; and, although it was a severe trial, she resolved to wait, and hope, and keep her secret.

Accordingly, secret for a long time from both families was the marriage kept:—such a course inevitably involving difficulties of separation which the events of the time did not make easier. What can be much more beautiful than the following revelation, which continues the narrative?—

My baby saw mountains when he first looked forward into the world. Rieti—not only an old classic town of Italy, but one founded by what are now called Aborigines—is a hive of very ancient dwellings with red-brown roofs, a citadel, and several towers. It is in a plain, twelve miles in diameter one way, not much less the other, and entirely encircled with mountains of the noblest form. Casinos and hermitages gleam here and there on their lower slopes. This plain is almost the richest in Italy, and full of vineyards. Rieti is near the foot of the hills on the one side, and the rapid Velino makes almost the circuit of its walls on its way to Terni. I had my apartment shut out from the family, on the banks of this river, and saw the mountains, as I lay on my restless couch. There was a piazza, too, or, as they call it here, a *loggia*, which hung over the river, where I walked most of the night, for I could not sleep at all in those months. In the wild autumn storms, the stream became a roaring torrent, constantly lit up by lightning flashes, and the sound of its rush was very sublime. I see it yet, as it swept away on its dark green current the heaps of burning straw which the children let down from the bridge. Opposite my window was a vineyard, whose white and purple clusters were my food for three months. It was pretty to watch the vintage—the asses and wagons loaded with this wealth of amber and rubies—the naked boys, singing in the trees on which the vines are trained, as they cut the grapes—the nut-brown maids and matrons, in their red corsets and white headclothes, receiving them below, while the babies and little children were frolicking in the grass.

Late in the autumn of 1848, the cloud of political storm which had been long gathering stooped low over Rome. The following is from a letter of the 16th of November:—

The house looks out on the Piazza Barberini, and I see both that palace and the Pope's. The scene to-day has been one of terrible interest. The poor, weak Pope has fallen more and more under the dominion of the cardinals, till at last all truth was hidden from his eyes. He had suffered the minister, Rossi, to go on, tightening the reins, and, because the people preserved a sullen silence, he thought they would bear it. Yesterday, the Chamber of Deputies, illegally prorogued, was opened anew. Rossi, after two or three most unpopular measures, had the imprudence to call the troops of the line to defend him, instead of the National Guard. On the 14th, the Pope had invested him with the privileges of a Roman citizen; (he had renounced his country when an exile, and returned to it as ambassador of Louis Philippe.) This position he enjoyed but one day. Yesterday, as he descended from his carriage, to enter the Chamber, the crowd howled and hissed; then pushed him, and, as he turned his head in consequence, a sure hand stabbed him in the back. He said no word, but died almost instantly in the arms

of a cardinal. The act was undoubtedly the result of the combination of many, from the dexterity with which it was accomplished, and the silence which ensued. Those who had not abetted beforehand seemed entirely to approve when done. The troops of the line, on whom he had relied, remaining at their posts, and looked coolly on. In the evening, they walked the streets with the people, singing, "Happy the hand which rides the world of a tyrant!" Had Rossi lived to enter the Chamber, he would have seen the most terrible and imposing mark of denunciation known in the history of nations—the whole house, without a single exception, seated on the benches of opposition. The news of his death was received by the deputies with the same cold silence as by the people. For me, I never thought to have heard of a violent death with satisfaction, but this act affected me as one of terrible justice. To-day, all the troops and the people united and went to the Quirinal to demand a change of measures. They found the Swiss Guard drawn out, and the Pope dared not show himself. They attempted to force the door of his palace, to enter his presence, and the guard fired. I saw a man borne by wounded. The drum beat to call out the National Guard. The carriage of Prince Barberini has returned with its frightened inmates and liveried retinue, and they have suddenly barred up the courtyard gate. Antonio, seeing it, observes, "Thank Heaven, we are poor, we have nothing to fear!"

The events which followed this terrible deed—all the more terrible from the stony complacency with which it was accredited by by-standers—are sketched in Margaret Fuller's journals and letters. On the 9th of March, 1849, we find her writing—

Mazzini entered by night, on foot, to avoid demonstrations, no doubt, and enjoy the quiet of his own thoughts at so great a moment. The people went under his windows the next night and called him out to speak; but I did not know about it. Last night, I heard a ring; then somebody speak my name; the voice struck upon me at once. He looks more divine than ever, after all his new, strange sufferings. He asked after all of you. He stayed two hours; and we talked, though rapidly, of everything. He hopes to come often, but the crisis is tremendous, and all will come on him; since, if any one can save Italy from her foes, inward and outward, it will be he. But he is very doubtful whether this be possible; the foes are too many, too strong, too subtle.

During the siege of Rome by the French, Margaret Fuller was occupied as a hospital nurse:—torn to pieces by conflicting feelings and duties—anxiety for her husband—separation from their baby—passionate enthusiasm for the poor wounded men whom she tended:—

I cannot tell you what I endured in leaving Rome; abandoning the wounded soldiers; knowing that there is no provision made for them, when they rise from the beds where they have been thrown by a noble courage, where they have suffered with a noble patience. Some of the poorer men, who rise bereft even of the right arm—one having lost both the right arm and the right leg—I could have provided for with a small sum. Could I have sold my hair, or blood from my arm, I would have done it. Had any of the rich Americans remained in Rome, they would have given it to me; they helped nobly at first, in the service of the hospitals, when there was far less need; but they had all gone. * * You say you are glad I have had this great opportunity for carrying out my principles. Would it were so! I found myself inferior in courage and fortitude to the occasion, I knew not how to bear the havoc and anguish incident to the struggle for these principles.

By these links we are led on to our last notice of this most painful of modern struggles:—

I did not see Mazzini, the last two weeks of the republic. When the French entered, he walked about the streets to see how the people bore themselves, and then went to the house of a friend. In the upper chamber of a poor house, with his life-long friends—the Modenas—I found him. Modena, who abandoned not only what other men held dear—home, fortune, peace—but also endured, without the power of using the prime of his great artist-talent, a ten-years' exile in a foreign land; his wife every way worthy of him—such a woman as I am not. Mazzini had suffered millions more than I could; he had borne his fearful responsibility; he had let his dearest friends perish; he had passed all these nights without sleep; in two short months he had grown old; all the vital juices seemed exhausted; his eyes were all blood-shot; his skin orange; flesh he had none; his hair was mixed with white: his hand was painful to the touch; but he had never flinched, never quailed; had protested in the last hour against surrender; sweet and calm, but full of a more fiery purpose than ever; in him I revered the hero, and owned myself not of that mould. You say truly, I shall come home humbler. God grant it may be entirely humble! In future, while more than ever deeply penetrated with principles, and the need of the martyr spirit to sustain them, I will ever own that there are few worthy, and that I am one of the least.

Ere we have done with Rome, we must turn from politics to private life, and cite one more instance of Margaret Fuller's large-heartedness, which, her position considered, is affecting in its munificence:—

At one time, in Rome, while she lived upon the simplest, slenderest fare, spending only some ten or twelve cents a-day for her dinner, she lent, unsolicited, her last fifty dollars to an artist, who was then in need.

Every friend bears testimony to the extraordinary love and sympathy which Madame Ossoli inspired among the Italians, and to the influence which she more than once exercised in those junctures of fierce and fiendish passion at which the power to arrest and to calm is so rare and so precious. After this, it is distressing to read of one so actively helpful and unselfish being so cruelly outraged and betrayed. Her baby at Rieti was neglected by the nurses to whom he was confided. His position was made a pretext for mercenary extortion:—

His nurse, (says she,) lovely and innocent as she appeared, had betrayed him, for lack of a few *scudi*! He was worn to a skeleton; his sweet, childish grace all gone! Everything I had endured seemed light to what I felt when I saw him too weak to smile, or lift his wasted little hand. Now, by incessant care, we have brought him back—who knows if that be a deed of love?—into this hard world once more. * * I shall never again, (she writes,) be perfectly, be religiously generous, so terribly do I need for myself the love I have given to other sufferers.

From this agony, however, Madame Ossoli was delivered by the child's recovery. On the entry of the French into Rome, and the reinstatement of the papal government in more than its olden decrepitude and timidity, all hopes of prosperity in Italy for the two liberals were over. The Ossolis naturally turned their thoughts towards Margaret's country—where her husband was sure to be cordially welcomed, and where she had now more than her former chance of assuring independence by the

exercise of her many and mature gifts. Accordingly, after a breathing-time of repose and pleasant intercourse among congenial friends at Florence, they set sail for America from Leghorn in a merchant ship—the ill-fated *Elizabeth*; not, we are assured, without omens and prognostics enough to disturb one ready from childhood upwards to believe in auguries and dreams, and whom suffering and maternity had of late made desponding and afraid:—

"Beware of the sea," had been a singular prophecy, given to Ossoli when a boy, by a fortune-teller, and this was the first ship he had ever set his foot on. * * "I am absurdly fearful," she writes, "and various omens have combined to give me a dark feeling. I am become indeed a miserable coward, for the sake of Angelino. I fear heat and cold, fear the voyage, fear biting poverty. I hope I shall not be forced to be as brave for him, as I have been for myself, and that if I succeed to rear him, he will be neither a weak nor a bad man. But I love him too much! In case of mishap, I shall perish with my husband and my child, and we may be transferred to some happier state."

Everything went amiss on this home voyage. The captain sickened and died of confluent small-pox in its most malignant form. The disease then seized Angelino, the child, whose life was despaired of for awhile. He recovered, however; and at last the coast of America was reached. On the very eve of the passengers going on shore, a heavy gale arose. The *Elizabeth* struck on Fire-Island Beach:—

At the first jar, the passengers, knowing but too well its fatal import, sprang from their berths. Then came the cry of "Cut away," followed by the crash of falling timbers, and the thunder of the seas, as they broke across the deck. In a moment more the cabin skylight was dashed in pieces by the breakers, and the spray, pouring down like a cataract, put out the lights, while the cabin door was wrenched from its fastenings, and the waves swept in and out. One scream, one only, was heard from Margaret's state-room; and Sumner and Mrs. Hasty, meeting in the cabin, clasped hands, with these few but touching words: "We must die."—"Let us die calmly then." "I hope so, Mrs. Hasty." It was in the gray dusk, and amid the awful tumult, that the companions in misfortune met. The side of the cabin to the leeward had already settled under water; and furniture, trunks, and fragments of the skylight were floating to and fro; while the inclined position of the floor made it difficult to stand; and every sea as it broke over the bulwarks, splashed in through the open roof. The windward cabin-walls, however, still yielded partial shelter, and against it, seated side by side, half leaning backwards, with feet braced upon the long table, they awaited what next should come. At first, Nino, alarmed at the uproar, the darkness, and the rushing water, while shivering with the wet, cried passionately; but soon his mother, wrapping him in such garments as were at hand, and folding him to her bosom, sang him to sleep. Celeste too was in an agony of terror, till Ossoli, with soothing words and a long and fervent prayer, restored her to self-control and trust. Then calmly they rested, side by side, exchanging kindly partings and sending messages to friends, if any should survive to be their bearer.

We must pass over the harrowing details of the last night and subsequent morning; the projects—the deliberations and the rescue of one or two of the little company. Enough to say, that no plan or proposition to save her would induce Margaret to

be parted from her husband or her child. The rest will be quickly told:—

It was now past three o'clock, and as, with the rising tide, the gale swelled once more to its former violence, the remnants of the barque fast yielded to the resistless waves. The cabin went by the board, the after-parts broke up, and the stern settled out of sight. Soon, too, the fore-castle was filled with water, and the helpless little band were driven to the deck, where they clustered round the foremast. Presently, even this frail support was loosened from the hull, and rose and fell with every billow. It was plain to all that the final moment drew swiftly nigh. Of the four seamen who still stood by the passengers, three were as efficient as any among the crew of the *Elizabeth*. These were the steward, carpenter, and cook. The fourth was an old sailor, who, broken down by hardship and sickness, was going home to die. These men were once again persuading Margaret, Ossoli, and Celeste, to try the planks, which they held ready in the lee of the ship, and the steward, by whom Nino was so much beloved, had just taken the little fellow in his arms, with the pledge that he would save him or die, when a sea struck the fore-castle, and the foremast fell, carrying with it the deck and all upon it. The steward and Angelino were washed upon the beach, both dead, though warm, some twenty minutes after. The cook and carpenter were thrown far upon the foremast, and saved themselves by swimming. Celeste and Ossoli caught for a moment by the rigging, but the next wave swallowed them up. Margaret sank at once. When last seen she had been seated at the foot of the foremast, still clad in her white night-dress, with her hair fallen loose upon her shoulders. It was over—that twelve hours' communion, face to face, with Death! It was over! and the prayer was granted, "that Ossoli, Angelino, and I, may go together, and that the anguish may be brief!"

Thus sadly ended the pilgrimage of one whose life from her cradle to her grave was passed in fever, yearning, and storm!—It would seem (to fall in with Madame Ossoli's own fanciful tone concerning her fortunes) as if it had been written by destiny, that the fame for which she had so passionately thirsted should be denied her after death, as in life. With her, was lost in the *Elizabeth* the manuscript of a history of the recent Italian revolution on which she had bestowed much time and labor.—It may mitigate the regret of some, however, if it be added, that we have been told by good authorities, that it was Madame Ossoli's intention to remodel and reconsider her work, in consequence of modifications of her views regarding the past machinery and the future issue of the Italian movement.

THINNESS OF A SOAP-BUBBLE.—A soap-bubble as it floats in the light of the sun reflects to the eye an endless variety of the most gorgeous tints of color. Newton showed, that to each of these tints corresponds a certain thickness of the substance forming the bubble; in fact, he showed, in general, that all transparent substances, when reduced to a certain degree of tenuity, would reflect these colors. Near the highest point of the bubble, just before it bursts, is always observed a spot which reflects no color and appears black. Newton showed that the thickness of the bubble at this black point was the 2,500,000th part of an inch! Now, as the bubble at this point possesses the properties of water as essentially as does the Atlantic Ocean, it follows that the ultimate molecules forming water must have less dimensions than this thickness.—*Lardner's Handbook*.

From Chambers' Journal.

MY TRAVELLING COMPANION.

My picture was a failure. Partial friends had guaranteed its success; but the Hanging Committee and the press are not composed of one's partial friends. The Hanging Committee thrust me into the darkest corner of the octagon-room, and the press ignored my existence—excepting in one instance, when my critic dismissed me in a quarter of a line as a “presumptuous dauber.” I was stunned with the blow, for I had counted so securely on the £200 at which my grand historical painting was dog-cheap—not to speak of the deathless fame which it was to create for me—that I felt like a mere wreck when my hopes were flung to the ground, and the untasteful cup dashed from my lips. I took to my bed, and was seriously ill. The doctor bled me till I fainted, and then said, that he had saved me from a brain-fever. That might be, but he very nearly threw me into a consumption, only that I had a deep chest and a good digestion. Pneumonic expansion and active chyle saved me from an early tomb, yet I was too unhappy to be grateful.

But why did my picture fail? Surely it possessed all the elements of success! It was grandly historical in subject, original in treatment, pure in coloring; what, then, was wanting? This old warrior's head, of true Saxon type, had all the majesty of Michael Angelo; that young figure, all the radiant grace of Correggio; no Rembrandt showed more severe dignity than yon burnt umber monk in the corner; and Titian never excelled the loveliness of this cobalt virgin in the foreground. Why did it not succeed! The subject, too—the “Finding of the Body of Harold by Torch-light”—was sacred to all English hearts; and being conceived in an entirely new and original manner, it was redeemed from the charge of triteness and wearisomeness. The composition was pyramidal, the apex being a torch borne aloft for the “high light,” and the base showing some very novel effects of herbage and armor. But it failed. All my skill, all my hope, my ceaseless endeavor, my burning visions, all—all had failed; and I was only a poor, half-starved painter, in Great Howland Street, whose landlady was daily abating in her respect, and the butcher daily abating in his punctuality; whose garments were getting threadbare, and his dinners hypothetical, and whose day-dreams of fame and fortune had faded into the dull-gray of penury and disappointment. I was broken-hearted, ill, hungry; so I accepted an invitation from a friend, a rich manufacturer in Birmingham, to go down to his house for the Christmas holidays. He had a pleasant place in the midst of some iron-works, the blazing chimneys of which, he assured me, would afford me some exquisite studies of “light” effects.

By mistake I went by the express train, and so was thrown into the society of a lady whose position would have rendered any acquaintance with her impossible, excepting under such chance-conditions as the present; and whose history, as I learned it afterwards, led me to reflect much on the difference between the reality and the seeming of life.

She moved my envy. Yes—base, mean, low, unartistic, degrading as is this passion, I felt it rise up like a snake in my breast when I saw that feeble woman. She was splendidly dressed—wrapped in furs of the most costly kind, trailing behind;

her velvets and lace worth a countess' dowry. She was attended by obsequious menials; surrounded by luxuries; her compartment of the carriage was a perfect palace in all the accessories which it was possible to collect in so small a space; and it seemed as though “Cleopatra's cup” would have been no impracticable draught for her. She gave me more fully the impression of luxury than any person I had ever met with before; and I thought I had reason when I envied her.

She was lifted into the carriage carefully; carefully swathed in her splendid furs and lustrous velvets; and placed gently, like a wounded bird, in her warm nest of down. But she moved languidly, and fretfully thrust aside her servant's busy hands, indifferent to her comforts, and annoyed by her very blessings. I looked into her face: it was a strange face, which had once been beautiful; but ill-health, and care, and grief, had marked it now with deep lines, and colored it with unnatural tints. Tears had washed out the roses from her cheeks, and set large purple rings about her eyes; the mouth was hard and pinched, but the eyelids swollen; while the crossed wrinkles on her brow told the same tale of grief grown petulant, and of pain grown soured, as the thin lip, quivering and querulous, and the nervous hand, never still and never strong.

The train-bell rang, the whistle sounded, the lady's servitors stood bareheaded and curtseying to the ground, and the rapid rush of the iron giant bore off the high-born dame and the starveling painter in strange companionship. Unquiet and unresting—now shifting her place—now letting down the glass for the cold air to blow full upon her withered face—then drawing it up, and chafing her hands and feet by the warm-water apparatus concealed in her *chauffe-pied*, while shivering as if in an ague-fit—sighing deeply—lost in thought—wildly looking out and around for distraction—she soon made me ask myself whether my envy of her was as true as deep sympathy and pity would have been.

“But her wealth—her wealth!” I thought. “True she may suffer, but how gloriously she is solaced! She may weep, but the angels of social life wipe off her tears with perfumed linen, gold embroidered; she may grieve, but her grief makes her joys so much the more blissful. Ah! she is to be envied after all!—envied, while I, a very beggar, might well scorn my place now!”

Something of this might have been in my face, as I offered my sick companion some small attention—I forget what—gathering up one of her luxurious trifles, or arranging her cushions. She seemed almost to read my thoughts as her eyes rested on my melancholy face; and saying abruptly: “I fear you are unhappy, young man!” she settled herself in her place like a person prepared to listen to a pleasant tale.

“I am unfortunate, madam,” I answered.

“Unfortunate?” she said impatiently. “What with youth and health, can you call yourself unfortunate? When the whole world lies untried before you, and you still live in the golden atmosphere of hope, can you pamper yourself with sentimental sorrows! Fie upon you!—fie upon you! What are your sorrows compared with mine?”

“I am ignorant of yours, madam,” I said respectfully; “but I know my own; and, knowing them, I can speak of their weight and bitterness. By your very position, you cannot undergo the same kind of distress as that overwhelming me at

this moment : you may have evils in your path of life, but they cannot equal mine."

"Can anything equal the evils of ruined health and a desolated hearth?" she cried, still in the same impatient manner. "Can the worst griefs of wayward youth equal the bitterness of that cup which you drink at such a time of life as forbids all hope of after-assuagement? Can the first disappointment of a strong heart rank with the terrible desolation of a wrecked old age? You think, because you see about me the evidences of wealth, that I must be happy. Young man, I tell you truly, I would gladly give up every farthing of my princely fortune, and be reduced to the extreme of want, to bring back from the grave the dear ones lying there, or pour into my veins one drop of the bounding blood of health and energy which used to make life a long play-hour of delight. Once, no child in the fields, no bird in the sky, was more blessed than I; and what am I now!—a sickly, lonely old woman, whose nerves are shattered and whose heart is broken without hope or happiness on the earth! Even death has passed me by in forgetfulness and scorn!"

Her voice betrayed the truth of her emotion. Still, with accent of bitterness and complaint, rather than of simple sorrow, it was the voice of one fighting against her fate, more than of one suffering acutely and in despair: it was petulant rather than melancholy; angry rather than grieving; showing that her trials had hardened, not softened her heart.

"Listen to me," she then said, laying her hand on my arm, "and perhaps my history may reconcile you to the childish depression, from what cause soever it may be, under which you are laboring. You are young and strong, and can bear any amount of pain as yet: wait until you reach my age, and then you will know the true meaning of the word despair! I am rich, as you may see," she continued, pointing to her surroundings—"in truth, so rich that I take no account either of my income or my expenditure. I have never known life under any other form; I have never known what it was to be denied the gratification of one desire which wealth could purchase, or obliged to calculate the cost of a single undertaking. I can scarcely realize the idea of poverty. I see that all people do not live in the same style as myself, but I cannot understand that it is from inability: it always seems to me to be from their own disinclination. I tell you, I cannot fully realize the idea of poverty; and you think this must make me happy, perhaps?" she added sharply, looking full in my face.

"I should be happy, madam, if I were rich," I replied. "Suffering now from the strain of poverty, it is no marvel if I place an undue value on plenty."

"Yet see what it does for me!" continued my companion. "Does it give me back my husband, my brave boys, my beautiful girl? Does it give rest to this weary heart, or relief to this aching head? Does it soothe my mind or heal my body? No! It but oppresses me, like a heavy robe thrown around weakened limbs: it is even an additional misfortune, for if I were poor, I should be obliged to think of other things beside myself and my woes; and the very mental exertion necessary to sustain my position would lighten my miseries. I have seen my daughter wasting year by year and day by day, under the warm sky of the south—under the warm care of love! Neither climate nor

affection could save her: every effort was made—the best advice procured—the latest panacea adopted; but to no effect. Her life was prolonged, certainly; but this simply means, that she was three years in dying, instead of three months. She was a gloriously lovely creature, like a fair young saint for beauty and purity—quite an ideal thing with her golden hair and large blue eyes! She was my only girl—my youngest, my darling, my best treasure! My first real sorrow—now fifteen years ago—was when I saw her laid, on her twenty-first birthday, in the English burial-ground at Madeira. It is on the gravestone, that she died of consumption: would that it had been added—and her mother of grief! From the day of her death, my happiness left me!"

Here the poor lady paused, and buried her face in her hands. The first sorrow was evidently also the keenest; and I felt my own eyelids moist as I watched this outpouring of the mother's anguish. After all, here was grief beyond the power of wealth to assuage: here was sorrow deeper than any mere worldly disappointment.

"I had two sons," she went on to say after a short time—"only two. They were fine young men, gifted and handsome. In fact, all my children were allowed to be very models of beauty. One entered the army, the other the navy. The eldest went with his regiment to the Cape, where he married a woman of low family—an infamous creature of no blood; though she was decently conducted for a low-born thing as she was. She was well-spoken of by those who knew her; but what *could* she be with a butcher for a grandfather! However, my poor infatuated son loved her to the last. She was very pretty, I have heard—young and timid; but being of such fearfully low origin, of course she could not be recognized by my husband or myself! We forbade my son all intercourse with us, unless he would separate himself from her; but the poor boy was perfectly mad, and he preferred this low-born wife to his father and mother. They had a little baby, who was sent over to me when the wife died—for, thank God! she did die in a few years' time. My son was restored to our love, and he received our forgiveness; but we never saw him again. He took a fever of the country, and was a corpse in a few hours. My second boy was in the navy—a fine high-spirited fellow, who seemed to set all the accidents of life at defiance. I could not believe in any harm coming to him. He was so strong, so healthy, so beautiful, so bright; he might have been immortal, for all the elements of decay that showed themselves in him. Yet this glorious young hero was drowned—wrecked off a coral-reef, and flung like a weed on the waters. He lost his own life in trying to save that of a common sailor—a piece of pure gold bartered for the foulest clay! Two years after this my husband died of typhus fever, and I had a nervous attack, from which I have never recovered. And now, what do you say to this history of mine? For fifteen years I have never been free from sorrow. No sooner did one grow so familiar to me, that I ceased to tremble at its hideousness, than another, still more terrible, came to overwhelm me in fresh misery. For fifteen years, my heart has never known an hour's peace; and to the end of my life, I shall be a desolate, miserable, broken-hearted woman. Can you understand, now, the valuelessness of my riches, and how desolate my splendid house must seem to me? They have been given me for no use—

ful purpose, here or hereafter; they encumber me, and do no good to others. Who is to have them when I die? Hospitals and schools? I hate the medical profession, and I am against the education of the poor. I think it the great evil of the day, and I would not leave a penny of mine to such a radical wrong. What is to become of my wealth?"

"Your grandson," I interrupted hastily; "the child of the officer."

The old woman's face gradually softened. "Ah! he is a lovely boy," she said; "but I don't love him—no, I don't," she repeated vehemently. "If I set my heart on him, he will die or turn out ill; take to the low ways of his wretched mother, or die some horrible death. I steel my heart against him, and shut him out from my calculations of the future. He is a sweet boy; interesting, affectionate, lovely; but I will not allow myself to love him, and I don't allow him to love me! But you ought to see him. His hair is like my own daughter's—long, glossy, golden hair; and his eyes are large and blue, and the lashes curl on his cheek like heavy fringes. He is too pale and too thin; he looks sadly delicate; but his wretched mother was a delicate little creature, and he has doubtless inherited a world of disease and poor blood from her. I wish he was here though, for you to see; but I keep him at school, for when he is much with me, I feel myself beginning to be interested in him; and I do not wish to love him—I do not wish to remember him at all! With that delicate frame and nervous temperament, he must die; and why should I prepare fresh sorrow for myself, by taking him into my heart, only to have him plucked out again by death?"

All this was said with the most passionate vehemence of manner, as if she were defending herself against some unjust charge. I said something in the way of remonstrance. Gently and respectfully, but firmly, I spoke of the necessity for each soul to spiritualize its aspirations, and to raise itself from the trammels of earth; and, in speaking thus to her, I felt my own burden lighten off my heart, and I acknowledged that I had been both foolish and sinful in allowing my first disappointment to shadow all the sunlight of my existence. I am not naturally of a desponding disposition, and nothing but a blow as severe as the non-success of my "Finding the Body of Harold by Torch-light" could have affected me to the extent of mental prostration as that under which I was now laboring. But this was very hard to bear! My companion listened to me with a kind of blank surprise, evidently unaccustomed to the honesty of truth; but she bore my remarks patiently, and when I had ended, she even thanked me for my advice.

"And now, tell me the cause of your melancholy face!" she asked, as we were nearing Birmingham. "Your story cannot be very long, and I shall have just enough time to hear it."

I smiled at her authoritative tone, and said quietly, "I am an artist, madam, and I had counted much on the success of my first historical painting. It has failed, and I am both penniless and infamous. I am the 'presumptuous dauber' of the critics—despised by my creditors—emphatically a failure throughout."

"Pshaw!" cried the lady impatiently; "and what is that for a grief? a day's disappointment which a day's labor can repair! To me, your troubles seem of no more worth than a child's tears when he has broken his newest toy! Here is Bir-

mingham, and I must bid you farewell. Perhaps you will open the door for me! Good-morning; you have made my journey pleasant, and relieved my ennui. I shall be happy to see you in town, and to help you forward in your career."

And with these words, said in a strange, indifferent, matter-of-fact tone, as of one accustomed to all the polite offers of good society, which mean nothing tangible, she was lifted from the carriage by a train of servants, and borne off the platform.

I looked at the card which she placed in my hand, and read the address of "Mrs. Arden, Belgrave Square."

I found my friend waiting for me; and in a few moments was seated before a blazing fire in a magnificent drawing-room surrounded with every comfort that hospitality could offer or luxury invent.

"Here, at least, is happiness," I thought, as I saw the family assemble in the drawing-room before dinner. "Here are beauty, youth, wealth, position—all that makes life valuable. What concealed skeleton can there be in this house to frighten away one grace of existence! None—none! They must be happy; and oh! what a contrast to that poor lady I met with to-day; and what a painful contrast to myself!"

And all my former melancholy returned like a heavy cloud upon my brow; and I felt that I stood like some sad ghost in a fairy-land of beauty, so utterly out of place was my gloom in the midst of all this gayety and splendor.

One daughter attracted my attention more than the rest. She was the eldest, a beautiful girl of about twenty-three, or she might have been even a few years older. Her face was quite of the Spanish style—dark, expressive, and tender; and her manners were the softest and most bewitching I had ever seen. She was peculiarly attractive to an artist, from the exceeding beauty of feature, as well as from the depth of expression, which distinguished her. I secretly sketched her portrait on my thumbnail, and in my own mind I determined to make her the model for my next grand attempt at historical composition—"the Return of Columbus." She was to be the Spanish queen; and I thought of myself as Ferdinand; for I was not unlike a Spaniard in appearance, and I was almost as brown.

I remained with my friend a fortnight, studying the midnight effects of the iron foundries, and cultivating the acquaintance of Julia. In these two congenial occupations the time passed like lightning, and I woke as from a pleasant dream, to the knowledge of the fact, that my visit was expected to be brought to a close. I had been asked, I remembered, for a week, and I had doubled my furlough. I hinted, at breakfast, that I was afraid I must leave my kind friends to-morrow, and a general regret was expressed, but no one asked me to stay longer; so the die was unhappily cast.

Julia was melancholy. I could not but observe it; and I confess that the observation caused me more pleasure than pain. Could it be sorrow at my departure? We had been daily, almost hourly, companions for fourteen days, and the surmise was not unreasonable. She had always shown me particular kindness, and she could not but have seen my marked preference for her. My heart beat wildly as I gazed on her pale cheek and drooping eyelid; for though she had been always still and gentle, I had never seen—certainly I had never noticed—such evident traces of sorrow, as I saw in her face to-day. Oh, if it were for me, how I would bless each pang which pained that beautiful heart!!

—how I would cherish the tears that fell, as if they had been priceless diamonds from the mine!—how I would joy in her grief and live in her despair! It might be that out of evil would come good, and from the deep desolation of my unsold "Body" might arise the heavenly blessedness of such love as this! I was intoxicated with my hopes; and was on the point of making a public idiot of myself, but happily some slight remnant of common sense was left me. However, impatient to learn my fate, I drew Julia aside; and, placing myself at her feet, while she was enthroned on a luxurious ottoman, I pretended that I must conclude the series of lectures on art, and the best methods of coloring, on which I had been employed with her ever since my visit.

"You seem unhappy to-day, Miss Reay," I said abruptly, with my voice trembling like a girl's.

She raised her large eyes languidly. "Unhappy? no, I am never unhappy," she said quietly.

Her voice never sounded so silvery sweet, so pure and harmonious. It fell like music on the air.

"I have, then, been too much blinded by excess of beauty to have been able to see correctly," I answered. "To me you have appeared always calm, but never sad; but to-day there is a palpable weight of sorrow on you, which a child might read. It is in your voice, and on your eyelids, and round your lips; it is on you like the moss on the young rose—beautifying while veiling the dazzling glory within."

"Ah! you speak far too poetically for me," said Julia, smiling. "If you will come down to my level for a little while, and will talk to me rationally, I will tell you my history. I will tell it you as a lesson for yourself, which I think will do you good."

The cold chill that went to my soul! Her history! It was no diary of facts that I wanted to hear, but only a register of feelings in which I should find myself the only point whereto the index was set. History! what events deserving that name could have troubled the smooth waters of her life!

I was silent, for I was disturbed; but Julia did not notice either my embarrassment or my silence, and began, in her low, soft voice, to open one of the saddest chapters of life which I had ever heard.

"You do not know that I am going into a convent!" she said; then, without waiting for an answer, she continued: "This is the last month of my worldly life. In four weeks, I shall have put on the white robe of the novitiate, and in due course I trust to be dead forever to this earthly life."

A heavy, thick, choking sensation in my throat, and a burning pain within my eyeballs, warned me to keep silence. My voice would have betrayed me.

"When I was seventeen," continued Julia, "I was engaged to my cousin. We had been brought up together from childhood, and we loved each other perfectly. You must not think, because I speak so calmly now, that I have not suffered in the past. It is only by the grace of resignation and of religion, that I have been brought to my present condition of spiritual peace. I am now five-and-twenty—next week I shall be six-and-twenty; that is just nine years since I was first engaged to Laurence. He was not rich enough, and indeed he was far too young, to marry, for he was only a year older than myself; and if he had had the largest possible amount of income, we could certainly not have married for three years. My father never cordially

approved of the engagement, though he did not oppose it. Laurence was taken partner into a large concern here, and a heavy weight of business was immediately laid on him. Youthful as he was, he was made the sole and almost irresponsible agent in a house which counted its capital by millions, and through which gold flowed like water. For some time, he went on well—to a marvel well. He was punctual, vigilant, careful; but the responsibility was too much for the poor boy; the praises he received, the flattery and obsequiousness which, for the first time, were lavished on the friendless youth, the wealth at his command, all turned his head. For a long time, we heard vague rumors of irregular conduct; but as he was always the same good, affectionate, respectful, happy Laurence when with us, even my father, who is so strict, and somewhat suspicious, turned a deaf ear to them. I was the earliest to notice a slight change, first in his face, and then in his manners. At last the rumors ceased to be vague, and became definite. Business neglected; fatal habits visible even in the early day; the frightful use of horrible words which once he would have trembled to use; the nights passed at the gaming-table, and the days spent in the society of the worst men on the turf—all these accusations were brought to my father by credible witnesses; and, alas! they were too true to be refuted. My father—Heaven and the holy saints bless his gray head!—kept them from me as long as he could. He forgave him again and again, and used every means that love and reason could employ to bring him back into the way of right; but he could do nothing against the force of such fatal habits as those to which my poor Laurence had now become wedded. With every good intention, and with much strong love for me burning sadly amid the wreck of his virtues, he yet would not refrain; the evil one had overcome him; he was his prey here and hereafter. O no—not hereafter!" she added, raising her hands and eyes to heaven, "if prayer, if fasting, patient vigil, incessant striving, may procure him pardon—not forever his prey! Our engagement was broken off; and this step, necessary as it was, completed his ruin. He died"—Here a strong shudder shook her from head to foot, and I half rose, in alarm. The next instant she was calm.

"Now you know my history," continued she. "It is a tragedy of real life, which you will do well, young painter, to compare with your own!" With a kindly pressure of the hand, and a gentle smile—oh! so sweet, so pure, and heavenly!—Julia Reay left me; while I sat perfectly awed—that is the only word I can use—with the revelation which she had made both of her history and of her own grand soul.

"Come with me to my study," said Mr. Reay, entering the room; "I have a world to talk to you about. You go to-morrow, you say. I am sorry for it; but I must therefore settle my business with you in good time to-day."

I followed him mechanically, for I was undergoing a mental castigation which rather disturbed me. Indeed, like a young fool—as eager in self-reproach as in self-glorification—I was so occupied in inwardly calling myself hard names, that even when my host gave me a commission for my new picture, "The Return of Columbus," at two hundred and fifty pounds, together with an order to paint himself, Mrs. Reay, and half-a-dozen of their children, I confess it with shame, that I received the news like a leaden block, and felt neither surprise nor joy—

not though these few words chased me from the gates of the Fleet, whither I was fast hastening, and secured me both position and daily bread. The words of that beautiful girl were still ringing in my ears, mixed up with the bitterest self-accusations; and these together shut out all other sound, however pleasant. But that was always my way.

I went back to London, humbled and yet strengthened, having learned more of human nature and the value of events, in one short fortnight, than I had ever dreamed of before. The first lessons of youth generally come in hard shape. I had sense enough to feel that I had learned mine gently, and that I had cause to be thankful for the mildness of the teaching. From a boy, I became a man, judging more accurately of humanity than a year's ordinary experience would have enabled me to do. And the moral which I drew was this; that, under our most terrible afflictions, we may always gain some spiritual good, if we suffer them to be softening and purifying rather than hardening influences over us. And, also, that while we are suffering the most acutely, we may be sure that others are suffering still more acutely; and if we would but sympathize with them more than with ourselves—live out of our own selves, and in the wide world around us—we would soon be healed while striving to heal others. Of this I am convinced; the secret of life, and of all its good, is in love; and while we preserve this, we can never fail of comfort. The sweet waters will always gush out over the sandiest desert of our lives while we can love; but without it—nay, not the merest weed of comfort or of virtue would grow under the feet of angels. In this was the distinction between Mrs. Arden and Julia Reay. The one had hardened her heart under her trials, and shut it up in itself; the other had opened hers to the purest love of man and love of God; and the result was to be seen in the despair of the one and in the holy peace of the other.

Full of these thoughts, I sought out my poor lady, determined to do her real benefit if I could. She received me very kindly, for I had taken care to provide myself with a sufficient introduction, so as to set all doubts of my social position at rest; and I knew how far this would go with her. We soon became fast friends. She seemed to rest on me much for sympathy and comfort, and soon grew to regard me with a sort of motherly fondness that of itself brightened her life. I paid her all the attention which a devoted son might pay—humored her whims, soothed her pains; but insensibly I led her

mind out from itself—first in kindness to me, and then in love to her grandson.

I asked for him just before the midsummer holidays, and with great difficulty obtained an invitation for him to spend them with her. She resisted my entreaties stoutly, but at last was obliged to yield not to me, nor to my powers of persuasion, but to the truth of which I was then the advocate. The child came, and I was there also to receive him, and to enforce by my presence—which I saw without vanity had great influence—a fitting reception. He was a pensive, clever, interesting little fellow; sensitive and affectionate, timid, gifted with wonderful powers, and of great beauty. There was a shy look in his eyes which made me sure that he inherited much of his loveliness from his mother; and when we were great friends, he showed me a small portrait of "poor mamma," and I saw at once the most striking likeness between the two. No human heart could withstand that boy, certainly not my poor friend's. She yielded, fighting desperately against me and him, and all the powers of love, which were subduing her, but yielding while she fought; and in a short time the child had taken his proper place in her affections, which he kept to the end of her life. And she, that desolate mother, even she, with her seared soul and petrified heart, was brought to the knowledge of peace by the glorious power of love.

Prosperous, famous, happy, blessed in home and hearth, this has become my fundamental creed of life, the basis on which all good, whether of art or of morality, is rested; of art especially; for only by a tender, reverent spirit can the true meaning of his vocation be made known to the artist. All the rest is mere imitation of form, not insight into essence. And while I feel that I can live out of myself, and love others—the whole world of man—more than myself, I know that I possess the secret of happiness; ay, though my powers were suddenly blasted as by lightning, my wife and children laid in the cold grave, and my happy home desolated forever. For I would go out into the thronged streets, and gather up the sorrows of others, to relieve them; and I would go out under the quiet sky, and look up to the Father's throne; and I would pluck peace, as green herbs, from active benevolence and contemplative adoration. Yes; love can save from the sterility of selfishness, and from the death of despair; but love alone. No other talisman has the power; pride, self-sustainment, coldness, pleasure, nothing—nothing—but that divine word of life which is life's soul!

THE successors of the Caliph Omar are forgetting that famous aphorism of their race which described all literature not found in the Koran as superfluous. Of late years, the Padishah of the Moslem world has founded schools—imported types and presses—and set up newspapers in the dominions over which his sway extends. What is still more marvellous, is the fact that he is now beginning to acknowledge himself in some sort amenable to the organs of public opinion in Europe. We have been both amused and interested by an official article in the *Journal de Constantinople* on the statements—said to be false—of certain German papers in reference to the dispute between the Turks and the Montenegrins, and the conduct of a new Omar Pasha who is now illustrating the military virtues of his people on the shores of the Adriatic. Not many years ago the Sultan would not

recognize the Christian powers—and now the Turks see the wisdom of correcting the mistakes of obscure German writers. How rapid the strides of civilization on the Bosphorus! Prince Schwarzenberg slights the ministers of Turkey and America—as, in Austrian opinion, the two liberal nations!—at his banquet on the downfall of Lord Palmerston. The populace of London, Birmingham, and Manchester entwine the colors of Turkey with those of England and the United States. How strange a companionship, and how suggestive! Who will now be able to say that Constantinople is behind Paris or Vienna in real civilization? In the first, the ruling power admits the legitimate right of public opinion, while in France it is coerced, and in Austria contemned—*Athenæum*.

From the Examiner.

The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Vol. I. Narrative Poems, "The New Timon," &c. Chapman and Hall.

The Poems and Ballads of Schiller. Translated by SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. Second Edition. Blackwood and Sons.

It will be a welcome intimation to a very large public of readers that a collected edition of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's poetical and dramatic writings has been commenced, of which the first very handsome volume, with a well-engraved portrait and vignette title, is now before us. It will include a selection of his youthful and all his more mature poems, "some not before printed, some entirely re-written from the more imperfect productions of earlier years," all subjected to careful revision. It is to contain also the comedies and plays, and will range when completed with the library edition of that brilliant series of novels and romances with which the same writer has enriched our language.

To those who are curious in tracing a most fruitful, active, and original mind through its earlier to its more mature development, this collection of Sir E. B. Lytton's poems presents the same kind of interest as may be found in his collected novels and tales. No man has been a more resolute, a more unwearied student. Perhaps no popular writer has had greater temptations to encourage, in the growth and application of his genius, what certainly no man has more steadily chastened and subdued. As the brilliance of success never gave him overweening confidence, neither has occasional non-success damped his energy or betrayed his just confidence in the power which has at last won general and earnest recognition. "If it was na weel bobbit, we'll bobbit again." We have the results in the collected edition now begun, and in the claim it establishes, no longer disputable, to the title of dramatist and poet.

Turning to see the changes which "revision" has made in some of the poems with which we were familiar, we have been struck by the improvement in the early and very beautiful one of "Milton." The idea of this fragment (for it is a succession of scenes rather than a connected romance) is to depict the great poet in the three periods of his life, beginning from that youthful one of Italian travel with which tradition has coupled the anecdote of the Italian lady attracted by his beauty when asleep, who dropped Guarini's epigram by his side, and making of this incident a thread to connect the youth, manhood, and age of Milton. Let the reader familiar with the original poem observe the simpler and more beautiful structure of one of its most admired passages in this edition—that in which the poet is exhibited at the close of his life, as Marvel nobly designated him, "blind but bold."

The old man felt the fresh air o'er him blowing,
Waving thin locks from musing temples pale;
Felt the quick sun through cloud and azure going,
And the light dance of leaves upon the gale,
In that mysterious symbol-change of earth
Which looks like death, though but restoring birth.
Seasons return; for him shall not return
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn.
Whatever garb the mighty mother wore,
Nature to him was changeless evermore.—
List, not a sigh!—though fallen on evil days,

With darkness compassed round—those sightless eyes

Need not the sun; nightly he sees the rays,
Nightly he walks the bowers, of Paradise,
High, pale, still, voiceless, motionless, alone,
Death-like in calm as monumental stone,
Lifting his looks into the farthest skies,
He sat: And as when some tempestuous day
Dies in the hush of the majestic eve,
So on his brow—where grief has passed away,
Reigns that dread stillness grief alone can leave.

There are also some fine lines allusive to the occasional excesses that are charged against Milton's associates in the struggle for English freedom.

Whate'er their errors, lightly those condemn,
Who, had they felt not, fought not, glowed and erred,
Had left us what their fathers left to them—
Either the thralldom of the passive herd
Stalled for the shambles at their master's word,
Or the dread overleap of walls that close,
And spears that bristle:—And the last they chose.
Calm from the hills their children gaze to-day,
And breathe the airs to which they forced the way.

Glancing through the lighter narrative poems we find in many new touches an easier hand, ampler and richer illustrations, and the frequent infusion of a deeper sentiment. Much of this is apparent, for example in those masterly lines:—

The world looked on, and construed, as it still
Interprets all it knows not—into ill.
"Man's home is sacred," flattering proverbs say;
Yes, if you give the home to men's survey,
But if that sanctum be obscured or screened,
In every shadow doubt suggests a fiend—
So churchyards seen beneath a daylight sky
Are holy to the clown who saunters by;
But vex his vision by the glimmering light,
And straight the holiness expires in fright;
He hears a goblin in the whispering grass,
And cries, "Heaven save us!"—at the parson's ass!
"Was ever lord so newly wed, so cold?—
Poor thing!—forsaken ere a year be told!
Doubtless some wanton—whom we know not, true,
But those proud sinners are so wary too!
Oh! for the good old days—one never heard
Of men so shocking under George the Third!"
So ran the gossip. With the gossip came
The brood it hatched—consolers to the dame.
The soft and wily wooers, who begin
Through sliding pity, the smooth ways to sin.
My lord is absent at the great debate,
Go, soothe his lady's unprotected state—
Go, gallant—go, and wish the cruel Heaven
To thee such virtue, now so wronged, had given!

In the same poem (now called "Constance," formerly the "Ill-omened Marriage") we find a character more fully drawn out, of which some leading points are subtly expressed in the subjoined admirable verses.

In truth, young Harcourt had the gifts that please—
Wit without effort, beauty worn with ease;
The courtier's mien to veil the miser's soul,
And that self-love which brings such self-control.
High born, but poor, no Corydon was he
To dream of love and cots in Arcady;
His tastes were like the Argonauts of old,
And only pastoral if the fleece was gold.
The less men feel, the better they can feign—
To act a Romeo, needs it Romeo's pain?
No, the calm master of the Histrion's art
Keeps his head coolest while he storms your heart;
Thus, our true mime no boundary overstept,

Charmed when he smiled, and conquered when he wept.

Like those French trifles, elegant enough,
Which serve at once for musc and for snuff,
Some minds there are which men you ask to dine
Take out, wind up, and circle with the wine.
Two tunes they boast ; this Flattery—Scandal that ;
The one A sharp—the other something flat—
Such was the mind that for display and use
Cased in *ricoco*, Harcourt could produce—
Touch the one spring, an air that charmed the town
Tripped out and jiggled some absent virtue down ?
Touch next the other, and the bauble plays
“ Fly from the world ” or “ Once in happier days.”
For Flattery, when a woman’s heart its aim,
Writes itself *Sentiment*—a prettier name.
And to be just to Harcourt and his art,
Few Lauzuns better played a Werter’s part ;
He dressed it well, and Nature kindly gave
His brow the paleness and his locks the wave.
Mournful his smile, unconscious seemed his sigh ;
You’d swear that Goethe had him in his eye.

“ The New Timon ” (which has also been strengthened and improved throughout) a new and charming little fanciful story from one of the fabliaux, and several spirited lyrics, complete the contents of the volume.

The translation of *Schiller’s Poems and Ballads*, forms a volume uniform with the series of Sir E. B. Lytton’s collected poetry, in which (for reasons of copyright we presume) it has not been formally included. With the great and varied merits of this translation the public is familiar. Yet it may be advisable to point out that in this case, as in every case of the translation into English of a complete body of lyrics from another language, we must be content with but a portion of the impression out of which the originals sprung, though we ought to be more than ordinarily content to receive it from a volume so delightful as this. A whole play or a long poem may often be translated very fairly, but the peculiar genius of a nation exercises such despotic sway over its lyric forms of utterance, that it is only practicable here and there to find any short work of a really great poet which can be transferred without considerable change of feeling into the language of another nation.

This may be called unsound doctrine. It may be said that a great poet speaks not to his nation but to his race. Love, honor, religion, are themes for all mankind ; and so they are. But subtle differences of complexion which exist between the minds of nations, distinctive habits of the intellect, find a most accurate exponent in the delicate expression of naïve emotion or of sentiment—we use the two words here in the sense which Schiller has applied to them. They become in fact distinctive crystals when run into the form of lyric. One substance crystallizes into prisms, one into squares, and it is scarcely more difficult to break up one of the prisms and reconstruct it into an artificial square, than to break up a true German song and reconstruct it into English. We call Goethe many-sided, but his songs are even more than usually ruddy with the national complexion. What is there, for example, that could give to an English mind the German appreciation of that delicate little gem with the refrain—

Röslein, Röslein Röslein roth,
Röslein auf der Heide.

Let us also say, however, that such change

between the English and the German as the student of the original will find in Sir Edward Lytton’s volume, was necessary and inevitable. If the true German lights and shades of feeling and expression could even have been preserved, they very often would have looked absurd in English words, because they would have looked strange. And having said this we ought to add that for many reasons Schiller’s lesser poems are, at least in a much greater degree than is usual with such a poet, adapted for translation. Their pure and lofty feeling rises high and grand above those shadows of the clouds, beautiful but unsubstantial, about which we have been speaking. The simplicity of Schiller’s diction, and the prevalence of a narrative form, render it easy at any rate to reproduce all his main outlines accurately ; and thus a good English version of his lyrics, as we see by the example of Sir E. B. Lytton’s, forms a very welcome and delightful volume.

We quoted largely from it when first published. We shall now borrow some epigrams from the *Votive Tablets*, which appear to us for the most part extremely happy examples of close and easy translation.

The Good and the Beautiful.

(Zweierlei Wirkungsarten.)

Achieve the Good, and godlike plants, possess
Already by mankind, thou nourishest ;
Create the Beautiful, and seeds are sown
For godlike plants, to man as yet unknown.

Value and Worth.

If thou hast something, bring thy goods—a fair return
be thine ;
If thou art something, bring thy soul and interchange
with mine.

The Division of Ranks.

Yes, in the moral world, as ours, we see
Divided grades—a Soul’s Nobility ;
By deeds their titles common men create—
The loftier order are by birthright great.

To the Mystics.

Life has its mystery :—true, it is that one
Surrounding all, and yet perceived by none.

The Key.

To know thyself—in others self discern ;
Wouldst thou know others ? read thyself—and learn !

Wisdom and Prudence.

Wouldst thou the loftiest height of Wisdom gain ?
On to the rashness, Prudence would disdain ;
The purblind see but the receding shore,
Not that to which the bold wave wafts thee o’er !

The Unanimity.

Truth seek we both—thou, in the life without thee
and around ;
I in the heart within—by both can truth alike be
found ;
The healthy eye can through the world the great
Creator track—
The healthy heart is but the glass which gives crea-
tion back.

To Astronomers.

Of your Nebulæ and planets tease me not with your
amount ;
What ! is Nature only mighty inasmuch as you can
count ?
Inasmuch as you can measure her immeasurable
ways ?
As she renders world on world, sun and system to
your gaze ?

Though through space your object be the sublimest to
embrace,
Never the sublime abideth—where you vainly search
—in space.

The Best Governed State.

How the best state to know?—it is found out
Like the best woman;—that least talked about.

My Belief.

What thy religion? those thou namest—none?
None, why—because I have religion!

Friend and Foe.

Dear is my friend—yet from my foe, as from my
friend, comes good;
My friend shows what I can do, and my foe shows
what I should.

Light and Color.

Dwell, Light, beside the changeless God—God spoke
and Light began;
Come, thou, the ever-changing one—come, Color,
down to Man!

Forum of Women.

Woman—to judge man rightly—do not scan
Each separate act;—pass judgment on the Man!

Genius.

Intellect can repeat what's been fulfilled,
And, aping Nature, as she buildeth—build;
O'er Nature's base can haughty Reason dare
To pile its lofty castle—in the air.
But only thine, O Genius, is the charge,
In Nature's kingdom Nature to enlarge!

The Imitator.

Good out of good—that art is known to all—
But Genius from the bad the good can call;
Thou, Mimic, turn'st the same old substance o'er,
And seek'st to fashion what was formed before;
Ev'n that to Genius from thy hand escapes,
And lends but matter to the mind that shapes.

Correctness.

The calm correctness, where no fault we see,
Attests Art's loftiest or its least degree;
That ground in common two extremes may claim—
Strength most consummate, feebleness most tame.

The Master.

The herd of scribes, by what they tell us,
Show all in which their wits excel us:
But the true Master we behold
In what his art leaves—just untold.

Expectation and Fulfilment.

O'er Ocean, with a thousand masts, sails forth the
stripling bold—
One boat, hard rescued from the deep, draws into
port the old!

Other Epigrams, &c.

Give me that which thou knowest—I'll receive and
attend:

But thou giv'st me thyself—prithce, spare me, my
friend!

The Proselyte Maker.

"A little Earth from out the Earth—and I
The Earth will move;" so spake the Sage divine.
Out of myself one little moment—try
Myself to take:—succeed, and I am thine!

The Connecting Medium.

What to cement the lofty and the mean
Does Nature?—what?—place vanity between!

The Moral Poet.

This is an epigram on Lavater's work, called
"Pontius Pilatus, oder der Mensch in allen Gestal-
ten," &c.—HOFFMEISTER.

"How poor a thing is man!" alas, 't is true
I'd half forgot it—when I chanced on you!

Science.

To some she is the Goddess great; to some the milch-
cow of the field;
Their care is but to calculate—what butter she will
yield.

Kant and his Commentators.

How many starvelings one rich man can nourish!
When monarchs build, the rubbish-carriers flourish.

This translation has our best wishes. With
infinite poetic feeling and beauty, and at the cost
of a labor which few will easily appreciate, Sir
E. B. Lytton has provided for the English reader
a book that will long remain to give him pleasure.

From the Book of Ballads, by Bon Gualtier. Reprinted by
J. S. Redfield, N. York.

THE LAY OF THE LOVER'S FRIEND.

I WOULD all womankind were dead,
Or banished o'er the sea;
For they have been a bitter plague
These six last weeks to me.
It is not that I'm touched myself,
For that I do not fear;
No female face hath shown me grace
For many a bygone year.
But 't is the most infernal bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago.

Whene'er we steam it to Blackwall,
Or down to Greenwich run,
To quaff the pleasant cider cup,
And feed on fish and fun;
Or climb the slopes of Richmond Hill,
To catch a breath of air;
Then for my sins, he straight begins
To rave about his fair.
Oh, 't is the most tremendous bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago.

In vain you pour into his ear
Your own confiding grief;
In vain you claim his sympathy,
In vain you ask relief;
In vain you try to rouse him by
Joke, repartee, or quiz;
His sole reply 's a burning sigh,
And "What a mind it is!"
Oh, 't is the most tremendous bore, &c.

I've heard her thoroughly described
A hundred times, I'm sure,
And all the while I've tried to smile,
And patiently endure;
He waxes strong upon his pangs,
And potters o'er his grog;
And still I say, in a playful way,
"Why, you're a lucky dog!"
But, oh it is the heaviest bore, &c.

I really wish he'd do like me,
When I was young and strong;
I formed a passion every week,
But never kept it long.
But he has not the sportive mood
That always rescued me,
And so I would all women could
Be banished o'er the sea.
For 't is the most egregious bore, &c.

From the Examiner.

Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley. With an Introductory Essay by ROBERT BROWNING. MOXON.

THE names of two poets on the title-page give promise of an interest which this brief volume is not altogether calculated to produce. Yet in the few letters of Shelley which Mr. Moxon has obtained, and here for the first time published, there is close and constant reference to those earnest and painful struggles with society into which the poet had been led by the very truth of his nature, although carried astray into a path which earned for him in his own day the bitter censure of the hasty and misjudging. Most truly does Mr. Browning tell us in his preface, when speaking of the biographic value of Shelley's correspondence:

This value I take to consist in a most truthful conformity of the correspondence, in its limited degree, with the moral and intellectual character of the writer as displayed in the highest manifestations of his genius. Letters and poems are obviously an act of the same mind, produced by the same law, only differing in the application to the individual or collective understanding. Letters and poems may be used indifferently as the basement of our opinion upon the writer's character; the finished expression of a sentiment in the poems, giving light and significance to the rudiments of the same in the letters, and these again, in their incipency and unripeness, authenticating the exalted mood and reattaching it to the personality of the writer. The musician speaks on the note he sings with; there is no change in the scale, as he diminishes the volume into familiar intercourse. There is nothing of that jarring between the man and the author, which has been found so amusing or so melancholy; no dropping of the tragic mask, as the crowd melts away; no mean discovery of the real motives of a life's achievement, often, in other lives, laid bare as pitifully as when, at the close of a holiday, we catch sight of the internal lead-pipes and wood-vents, to which, and not to the ostensible conch and dominant Triton of the fountain, we have owed our admired water-work. No breaking out, in household privacy, of hatred, anger, and scorn, incongruous with the higher mood and suppressed artistically in the book; no brutal return to self-delighting, when the audience of philanthropic schemes is out of hearing; no indecent stripping off the grander feeling and rule of life as too costly and cumbersome for every-day wear. Whatever Shelley was, he was with an admirable sincerity. It was not always truth that he thought and spoke; but in the purity of truth he spoke and thought always.

This is truth well expressed; and now that the heat of the young poet's strife is over, his claim to the love of our hearts and to the reverence of our intellects is perfectly acknowledged.

For this reason we are half disposed to question the propriety of publishing a few letters, some of them written in very early youth, which repeat in new words well-known impressions, raising higher the pile over the name of Shelley, but not adding width to its base. To the biographer who is to come, for a worthy biography of Shelley has not yet been written, these letters will give some assistance; but, in the multitude of well-disposed but not wide-minded readers, they will in the mean time be very likely to renew erroneous impressions, because the most extreme opinions, resulting from the struggle in the poet's mind, are to be found expressed in them.

To error there is, however, antidote provided in the Essay by which the letters are introduced. The author of Christmas Eve and Easter day is not

wanting in orthodoxy, any more than the author of Paracelsus and Pippa Passes is wanting in large-minded sympathy with what is genuine in man and nature. Taking the point of view selected by the narrowest of censors, Mr. Browning can yet see in Shelley a man "true, simple-hearted, and brave; and because what he acted corresponded to what he knew, so I call him a man of religious mind, because every audacious negative cast up by him against the Divine was interpenetrated with a mood of reverence and adoration."

Mr. Browning's introduction is perhaps more characteristic than might be desired. The feeling and the language of a poet prevail through its whole texture, and there are passages written with peculiar force, clearness, and beauty. But when Mr. Browning lays a landscape down in words, it would appear that he can never think it perfect without mists in plenty; mists that conceal what is really worth seeing, and for that reason we particularly object to them. Mr. Browning is a man whose thoughts we do not wish to lose, but in this busy world there is not always time to study for them. It is not that he is always dark because his thoughts lie too deep for expression; his mists often arise from the simpler cause, that he fails to put his words clearly together. Let us justify this remark by an example.

Here is a passage over which our head swam, and it was not until after a second reading that we found our difficulty to be caused by want of stops. The whole of the succeeding extract is a single sentence, occupying just two pages in the book.

The "Remains"—produced within a period of ten years, and at a season of life when other men of at all comparable genius have hardly done more than prepare the eye for future sight and the tongue for speech—present us with the complete enginery of a poet, as signal in the excellence of its several adaptations as transcendent in the combination of effects—examples, in fact, of the whole poet's function of beholding with an understanding keenness the universe, nature and man, in their actual state of perfection in imperfection—of the whole poet's virtue of being untempted by the manifold partial developments of beauty and good on every side, into leaving them the ultimates he found them—induced by the facility of the gratification of his own sense of those qualities, or by the pleasure of acquiescence in the short-comings of his predecessors in art, and the pain of disturbing their conventionalisms—the whole poet's virtue, I repeat, of looking higher than any manifestation yet made of both beauty and good, in order to suggest from the utmost actual realization of the one a corresponding capability in the other, and out of the calm, purity, and energy of nature, to reconstitute and store up for the forthcoming stage of man's being, a gift in repayment of that former gift, in which man's own thought and passion had been lavished by the poet on the else-incomplete magnificence of the sunrise, the else-uninterpreted mystery of the lake—so drawing out, lifting up, and assimilating this ideal of a future man, thus desecrated as possible, to the present reality of the poet's soul already arrived at the higher state of development, and still aspirant to elevate and extend itself in conformity with its still-improving perceptions of, no longer the eventual Human, but the actual Divine.

This is by no means to be taken singly as a specimen of Mr. Browning's portion of the present volume. No man can write more lucid sentences than Mr. Browning can write when he pleases, and does write abundantly in this Essay. We give one more extract from it.

He died before his youth ended. In taking the measure of him as a man, he must be considered on the whole and at his ultimate spiritual stature, and not be judged of at the immaturity and by the mistakes of ten years before; that, indeed, would be to judge of the author of "Julian and Maddalo" by "Zastrozzi." Let the whole truth be told of his worst mistake. I believe, for my own part, that if anything could now shame or grieve Shelley, it would be an attempt to vindicate him at the expense of another.

In forming a judgment, I would, however, press on the reader the simple justice of considering tenderly his constitution of body as well as mind, and how unfavorable it was to the steady symmetries of conventional life; the body, in the torture of incurable disease, refusing to give repose to the bewildered soul, tossing in its hot fever of the fancy—and the laudanum-bottle making but a perilous and pitiful truce between these two. He was constantly subject to "that state of mind" (I quote his own note to "Hellas") "in which ideas may be supposed to assume the force of sensation, through the confusion of thought with the objects of thought, and excess of passion animating the creations of the imagination;" in other words, he was liable to remarkable delusions and hallucinations. The nocturnal attack in Wales, for instance, was assuredly a delusion; and I venture to express my own conviction, derived from a little attention to the circumstances of either story, that the idea of the enamored lady following him to Naples, and of the "man in the cloak" who struck him at the Pisan post-office, were equally illusory—the mere projection, in fact, from himself, of the image of his own love and hate.

To thirst and find no fill—to wail and wander
With short unsteady steps—to pause and ponder—
To feel the blood run through the veins and tingle
When busy thought and blind sensation mingle—
To nurse the image of *unfelt caresses*
Till dim imagination just possesses
The half-created shadow—

of unfelt caresses—and of unfelt blows as well; to such conditions was his genius subject. It was not at Rome only (where he heard a mystic voice exclaiming, "Cenci, Cenci," in reference to the tragic theme which occupied him at the time)—it was not at Rome only that he mistook the cry of "old rags." The habit of somnambulism is said to have extended to the very last days of his life.

From the letters themselves we could find many pleasant passages to quote; we must content ourselves, however, with a single specimen.

There is a kind of superstitious veneration which inclines people to adhere with pertinacity to the ideas which they have formed, no matter whether good or bad. What I sent you last is not enough for a pamphlet, I grant you, but I cannot help it. A subject soon exhausts itself with me. You must get some of your *volume* friends to spin the text for you. There are three classes of women that may be denominated from the Greek numbers—Maidens of the *Singular*, Wives of the *Dual*, and Courtesans of the *Plural*.

These may again be compounded according to the different circumstances of each—the constant mistress may be styled the *Single-Dual*, widows the *Dual-Single*, and faithless wives the *Dual-Plural*.

Re-married widows may assume this latter denomination also—which, however, I do not mean as the least reflection on their *chastity*; but that I find myself quite at a loss in what other class to comprehend them—and it may be *all the same in the Greek* perhaps.

I am sorry that so much has been said about the *blues*; it is a pity that such a hue-and-cry has been

raised against them all, good, bad, and indifferent. John Bull would have settled it best by just letting them alone, leaving the disagreeable ones to die off in single blessedness.

But the *ceruleanly blue*—the true celestial, she who really has heaven in her eye; follow her to the world's end. Love her!—Adore her!—You must and will. Win her and wear, if you can. She is the most delightful of God's creatures—Heaven's best gift; man's joy and pride in prosperity;—man's support and comforter in affliction. I know there are philosophical unbelievers who would class my true celestials among fabulous creatures. I own they are rare; but that such have existed, men of undoubted credibility and wisdom (Solomon among others) have testified in the strongest terms. That such do exist I can affirm—for I know some—one I hope to have for my own.—In the seasons of silence and solitude only do we learn to appreciate woman. The hurry of the world shuts her out from our soul; but when there is silence in the mind—when the heart rests—when the hush of the world has breathed over the spirit—when the mind, self left, feels itself in its loneliness—then is its hour of contemplation.

Characteristic as this letter is, it shares that quality with all the rest in the collection. It was not in Shelley's power to control the free expression of his feelings and opinions. Whenever he wrote, therefore, however carelessly he might be writing, he could not fail to stamp his individuality upon the paper. These letters, consequently, will be sought and read; though many, like ourselves, while glad to read them, will be equally disposed to think that they might more prudently have been allowed to rest unpublished.

From the Spectator.

Vocal Exotics. A Selection of the most admired Songs of various Nations. Written and adapted by W. BARTHOLOMEW, Esq.

This is a serial publication, of which six numbers, songs of Germany, have appeared. We have two of them before us; "Flowers" (*Die Blumen*) by Methfessel, and "Lotus Bloom" (*Die Lotus Blume*) by Lachner. Both these musicians are voluminous and popular ballad-composers; and the above songs are pretty fair specimens of the common run of German productions of this sort. For some years past we have been inundated with German "Lieder." The great beauty of those of Schubert brought the class into general vogue; it is well known that his death was followed by a wholesale manufacture of pretended posthumous works; and hence the heaps of songs published under the name of Schubert which do not show a spark of his genius. He has crowds of imitators, of various degrees of talent. Some have copied his style with success, and have produced very pretty things, but the bulk exhibit the faults rather than the merits of the German vocal school—paucity of melody, excessive modulation, straining after unusual phrases, and overlabored accompaniment. But, good or bad, they are the fashion; they are imported in shoals, and published with the original words as well as English versions; while our accomplished damsels, proud of their German lore, delight the ears of their hearers with exaggerated aspirates and gutturals, forgetting or despising the rich and varied treasures of our own English melody and song. Were it not for the unfortunate contempt bred by familiarity, who would compare these German exotics to the songs and ballads of Purcell, Arne, Shield, Storace, and Arnold; or to those of our living countrymen, Bishop, Barnett, Macfarren, and Edward Loder? Taking the vocal schools of the two countries generally, as exemplified by the mass of their pro-

ductions, every unprejudiced taste will give the palm to our own, for simple, flowing, and natural melody, as well as for truth and variety of expression.

The two songs before us will find many admirers among those who attach paramount importance to ingenious contrivance and full harmony. In both of them the motive is very pretty, but the ear is soon teased by abrupt transitions into irrelevant keys, which the most skilful singer could not readily hit without the connecting chords furnished by the pianoforte. Such modulations are necessary for the occasional production of strong effect, but are out of place in short and simple ballads. Nor do they show any great amount of technical skill. "To modulate," said the illustrious Piccini, "is not difficult in itself; there is a routine for that as well as all other trades. The proof of this is found in those enharmonic modulations which appear to the ignorant as the height of science, and are after all the mere sport of scholars." In the best and most undoubtedly genuine songs of Schubert there is no great display of this kind of learning. When we find it in the class of music of which we are speaking, it is generally in the inverse ratio of the composer's genius—serving as a cloak to cover lack of feeling and poverty of invention.

German ballad poetry, moreover, is marked with the national character of the people. It is imaginative and fantastic, with little sensibility or passion. It reminds us of the French writer's remark, that, "*pour faire sentir un Allemand, il faut l'écouter.*" Such are the songs before us; their words are fanciful conceits, utterly cold and scarcely intelligible.

From the Spectator.

OCEAN POSTAGE.

A NUMEROUS meeting assembled in the Town-hall of Manchester last week, to hear Mr. Elihu Burritt's explanation of his plan of an Ocean Penny Postage. Mr. Alexander Henry, M. P., Mr. Heald, M. P., Mr. Bazley, President of the Chamber of Commerce, and several leading citizens, were present.

Mr. Burritt explained, that his plan simply contemplates the charging of a penny for the single service of transporting the letter from shore to shore, between Great Britain and any country beyond the seas; one penny for its mere conveyance from Liverpool to New York, Southampton to Bombay, from Dover to Calais, from Hull to Petersburg, and vice versa. Thus the postage on a letter from any town in the United Kingdom to any part beyond the seas would be twopence—one penny for the inland route, and a penny over the ocean. If all other countries should adopt an inland penny postage like England, then the charge of a letter from any town in Great Britain to any town in the civilized world would be threepence. To make the project pay, there must be twice as many letters as now between Dover and Ostend, three times as many between Dover and Calais, four times as many between New York and Liverpool. At present the cost between London and Paris is 10*s.*, and of this price 6*d.* goes for the sea voyage. If the 6*d.* were reduced to 1*d.*, and the whole postage to 4*d.*, would not the letters to Paris double themselves? With respect to American correspondence, Mr. Burritt said, there are about 400,000 persons emigrating from Europe to North America in one year; they are rapidly increasing, and in three years they will amount to a million. Now these persons, of all others, are the least able to pay the heavy charges upon the letters which they send or receive from their friends. Is it not fair to assume that these millions of people who emigrate to North America during the next three years, would write, if the ocean penny postage were established, at least two letters per head annually to their friends in Europe, and receive two in return? From this source

alone there would be four millions of letters a year, or twice the number that annually cross the Atlantic. These two sources alone would quadruple the number of letters now conveyed between Great Britain and North America; and that increase is all that is needed to produce as much revenue as the existing charge. The number of inhabitants residing in California during 1850 probably averaged 125,000; all of whom left friends in the United States or Europe, and were anxious to hear from them by every steamer. For every letter they posted or received they were charged 1*s.* 8*d.*; notwithstanding this heavy charge they sent and received 150,000 letters. Is it not fair to assume, that the 400,000 emigrants, who went out last year, would write two letters each to their friends in Europe, if the ocean penny postage were established?

Mr. Henry, M. P., gave his opinion, without any doubt whatever, that, after a short period, the penny rate would be a paying one.

The meeting adopted the following resolution—

That the trade and commerce of this kingdom with all other countries of the civilized world calls for the adoption of a uniform rate of ocean penny postage, as a means of cementing the bonds of peace and amity, and for extending the various philanthropic and Christian movements of the age.

From Chambers' Journal.

FOREST-TEACHINGS.

THERE was travelling in the wild-wood

Once, a child of song;

And he marked the forest-monarchs

As he went along.

Here, the oak, broad-eaved and spreading;

Here, the poplar tall;

Here, the holly, fork-leaved;

Here, the yew, for the bereaved;

Here, the chestnut, with its flowers, and its
spine-bestudded ball.

Here, the cedar, palmy-branched;

Here, the hazel low;

Here, the aspen, quivering ever;

Here, the powdered sloe.

Wondrous was their form and fashion,

Passing beautiful to see

How the branches interlaced,

How the leaves each other chased,

Fluttering lightly hither, thither on the
wind-aroused tree.

Then he spake to those wood-dwellers;

"Ye are like to men,

And I learn a lesson from ye

With my spirit's ken.

Like to us in low beginning,

Children of the patient earth;

Born, like us, to rise on high,

Ever nearer to the sky,

And, like us, by slow advances from the
minute of your birth.

"And, like mortals, ye have uses—

Uses each his own;

Each his gift, and each his beauty,

Not to other known.

Thou, O oak, the strong ship-builder,

For thy country's good,

Givest up thy noble life,

Like a patriot in the strife,

Givest up thy heart of timber, as he pourest
out his blood.

"Thou, O poplar, tall and taper,

Reachest up on high;

Like a preacher pointing upward—

Upward to the sky.

- "Thou, O holly, with thy berries,
Gleaming redly bright,
Comest, like a pleasant friend,
When the dying year hath end,
Comest to the Christmas party, round the
ruddy fire-light.
- "Thou, O yew, with sombre branches,
And dark-veiled head—
Like a monk within the church-yard,
When the prayers are said,
Standing by the newly-buried
In the depth of thought—
Tellect, with a solemn grace,
Of the earthly dwelling-place,
Of the soul to live forever—of the body
come to nought.
- "Thou, O cedar, storm-enduring,
Bent with years, and old,
Standest with thy broad-eaved branches,
Shadowing o'er the mould;
Shadowing o'er the tender saplings,
Like a patriarch mild,
When he lifts his honry head,
And his hands a blessing shed,
On the little ones around him—on the chil-
dren of his child.
- "And the light, smooth-barked hazel,
And the dusky sloe,
Are the poor men of the forest—
Are the weak and low.
Yet unto the poor is given
Power the earth to bless;
And the sloe's small fruit of down,
And the hazel's clusters brown,
Are the tribute they can offer—are their mite
of usefulness.
- "When the awful words were spoken,
'It is finished!'
When the all-loving heart was broken,
Bowed the patient head;
When the earth grew dark as midnight
In her solemn awe—
Then the forest-branches all
Bent with reverential fall—
Bent, as bent the Jewish foreheads at the
giving of the law.
- "But one tree was in the forest
That refused to bow;
Then a sudden blast came o'er it,
And a whisper low
Made the leaves and branches quiver—
Shook the guilty tree;
And the voice was: 'Tremble ever
To eternity:
Be a lesson from thee read—
He that boweth not his head,
And obeyeth not his Maker, let him fear
eternally!'
- "So thou standest ever shaking,
Ever quivering with fear,
For the voice is still upon thee,
And the whisper near.
Like the guilty, conscience-haunted;
And the name for thee
Is, 'The tree of many thoughts'—
Is, 'The tree of many doubts';
And thy leaves are thoughts and doubtings—
for thou art the sinner's tree.
- "Thou, O chestnut, richly branchéd,
Standest in thy might,
Rising like a leafy tower
In the summer light.

And thy branches are fruit-laden,
Waving bold and free;
And the beams upon thee shed
Are like blessings on thy head;
Thou art strong, and fair, and fruitful—for
thou art the good man's tree.

- "So, farewell, great forest-teachers;
There is a spirit dwells
In the veinings of each leaflet,
In each flower's cells:
Ye have each a voice and lesson,
And ye seem to say;
'Open, man, thine eyes to see
In each flower, stone, and tree,
Something pure and something holy, as thou
paskest on thy way.'"

NEW BOOKS.

Memories of the Great Metropolis; or, London from the Tower to the Crystal Palace. By F. Saunders. In one volume. pp. 311. New York: George P. Putnam.

This book will have an extensive sale, because it will command it by the variety and comprehensiveness of its information. We recollect obtaining, when a lad, a copy of "Leigh's New Picture of London," and to this day we trace much of our familiarity with the vast metropolis of Britain to the great interest which was awakened in our mind by the perusal of that volume. But Mr. Saunders, himself an Englishman, and an old Londoner, has given to the American reader a compact manual for persons visiting the "Great Metropolis," so verbosely described by that preëminent twaddler, Grant, "or who contemplate making the trans-Atlantic tour." As the compiler remarks, in a few modest words to his readers, it is the first book of the kind published in this country, and differs from ordinary guide-books in that it indicates, in a brief, suggestive way, the numerous shrines of genius, historical localities, and various memorabilia of London. "More than any other city of Europe," says Mr. Saunders, "the British capital abounds with nooks and corners, and the memorials of the great and good of past times;" and it is this precise kind of information, which the lover of literature and the intelligent tourist most desires, but which is usually inaccessible, that the manual before us is intended to supply. It exhibits London past and present at one view. There are no less than thirty-eight engravings in the book, representing the most memorable and interesting objects of a mighty metropolis, some thirty-five miles in circumference. Of the mechanical execution of the book, it is quite sufficient to say, that it is from Putnam's press.—*Knickerbocker.*

The Jansenists: their Rise, Persecutions by the Jesuits, and existing Remnant. A Chapter in Church History. By S. P. Tregelles, LL. D.

Dr. Tregelles calls the story of the Jansenists "A Chapter in Church History"—but it is not less truly a chapter in the history of the human intellect. As an example of the gradual working up of the mind through mountains of dead formalism to an appreciation of subjective truths, nothing better or more beautiful is found on record. And here we have the story told once more:—Pascal, the *mère Angélique*, St. Eyran, and the other notabilities are brought before the reader with force, discrimination, and vividness. The narrative is one of which the world will never tire. We need only add that the substance of the present work appeared originally in Kitto's "Journal of Biblical Literature" for January, 1851.—*Athenæum.*